STRIKE SCORECARD

by GEORGE MORRIS

NEW MASSES

March 26, 1946 15¢ In Canada 20¢

BATTLE FOR PEACE

LABOR MUST LEAD

by LEWIS MERRILL

BOOMERANG IN WASHINGTON

by VIRGINIA GARDNER

WHY I WROTE 'PIPER TOMPKINS'

by BEN FIELD

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *Browder: Renegade's Road, by A. B. Magil; Muting the Musicians, by James Collis; Our Captain Bottcher, by Ross Lynch; Rankin vs. the People, by the Editors.*

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

ONCE in a long time NEW MASSES' entire staff lunches together. With pressure of production, deadlines, and dozens of jobs which are vital to putting out a weekly magazine, it can't happen often and everybody around here looks forward to it. Such an event was scheduled for last Friday at one, with no particular thought of day or time in mind except that it happened to be convenient for most people. Place chosen was a restaurant in the neighborhood. Fourth Avenue was busier than usual—leaflet distributors were on corners, serving plenty of customers despite the drizzle. Cops strolled about, paying little attention to anyone. The Ides were upon us—at any moment Winston (The Toiling Millions)—Churchill was due.

Eventually all of NM's various departments had gathered in front of the restaurant. Shortly the Churchillian car came along; its guest of honor's pudgy hand raised in its hypocritical "V" salute. One of the most satisfactory experiences of our life was the opportunity to boo until our throat was temporarily ruined.

But however much our staff enjoys any on-the-spot opportunity to say what it feels, the magazine has a much bigger job ahead. You have read about the plans for expansion—plans which have been made because of the job ahead of every world citizen to counteract Churchill's plans and those of his friends to begin a new world war. You know by this time that NEW MASSES is adding to its working editorial board such names as Herbert Aptheker and Lloyd Brown; it will also publish with more frequency than in the past Howard Fast, Richard O. Boyer, Frederick V. Field. Artists who will contribute regularly include Philip Evergood, Ad Reinhardt, Raphael Soyer, Herb Kruckman, Joseph Hirsch—and of course, Bill Gropper.

But if all this is to be carried through—if indeed the magazine continues to be the sort of instrument it must be if its vitality and use are to be at a maximum, NEW MASSES is compelled to ask for money. Last year at this time contributions to the fund drive were $12,597.76. This year to date they are $8,105.45. Your letters, responses, have indicated that you are overwhelmingly for the kind of magazine proposed. Let us have your actual proof—in terms of what you and your friends can afford—to make this proposition a reality. Believe us, it is the only way it can be done.

IN CONNECTION with the "new" NEW MASSES, a conference has been set for Saturday, April 13, at the Paramount Restaurant, 138 W. 43d Street, 2 PM. The call was sent to white collar and professional unions, to cultural and educational departments of other trade unions, and to various artists' and writers' organizations. The afternoon session will be concerned with discussion of the problems connected with the changes to be made within the magazine; at 6:30 there will be a dinner honoring the new members of the editorial board. The fee is $1.50 for the conference alone; $2.50 will include the dinner. Other large cities have been urged to schedule similar events, to help NM plan the kind of publication we all want.

WE BOOED Churchill with pleasure; but with a different kind of enthusiasm we'll see you at the Fifth Anniversary of Yugoslav Independence Day on March 26, to be celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera House, and sponsored by the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief. Five years ago, on March 27, the Yugoslav people overthrew their pro-Hitler government. New York will meet to cheer the things accomplished in that country since, and to pay tribute to a great leader—Tito—and a great people.

AN EXCITING evening is in store for all who have followed the current discussion on the left-wing writer and literature. On April 18, at Manhattan Center, NM and the *Daily Worker* will jointly sponsor a symposium on "Art Is a Weapon." More on this later . . . save the date.

"I SAT up all night to do a cartoon after I read Churchill's Fulton speech," James Turnbull told us. But his drawing came too late for last week's issue. NM publishes it this week, as the first of a regular stint this distinguished artist will be doing for the magazine. M. DE A.

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NEW MASSES

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BATTLE FOR PEACE

By THE EDITORS

WE HAVE identified the enemy. We know his motives and his methods. And we know the consequences to us and to our children if he is allowed to pursue his evil policies. It's time for us to fight back, to seize the initiative, to smash forever the twin-headed monster of war and fascism.

For fascism has not yet been smashed. New advocates of terrorism, brutality and racial superiority have arisen from the ashes of Hitler and Mussolini. Churchill has picked up the mantle from Hitler's grave. Chiang Kai-shek, MacArthur and Wedemeyer keep the black flag of fascism flying over East Asia, organizing for this purpose the help of the old Japanese state, feudal reaction, and colonial compradores. White supremacists in Freeport, Long Island, in Columbia, Tennessee, know only one code to maintain their minority rule: "Shoot them down!" And the same code is invoked against the Indonesian people, against the Filipino peasants, against Indian sailors. Can these acts be distinguished from those of Hitler?

Whatever differences there may be between imperialists like Truman, Byrnes and Bevin, on the one hand, and Churchill on the other, all stand for policies that threaten the peace of America and the world. Imperialism is the womb of fascism. So long as the foreign policies of the United States and Britain remain aggressively imperialist, they can lead only to a revival of fascism. That is the direction in which the capitalist world is moving today. But it can be checked.

You can't fight brass knuckles with kid gloves. The Churchills will spew their war cries until every last vestige of their power has been destroyed. The White House, the State Department, the increasingly arrogant generals and colonels will continue on their disastrous course until their policies have been overwhelmingly repudiated by the great mass of American people. The same holds true for a Congress led by the rotten coalition of industrial and bourbon reaction.

It's time to fight back. It's time for the people to become militantly aggressive on behalf of peace and security and democracy. We cannot afford to be cowed by the Rankins or the J. Edgar Hoovers. We cannot afford to permit atomic energy to be controlled by a military cabal. Or housing

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materials, prices and wages to be determined by the trusts.

Let's be practical about it. What can we do? How can the American people smash this frenzied drive to war? First we should be clear on one fundamental point. NEW MASSES holds firmly to the belief that only socialism can provide the framework for lasting peace and security. So long as we live in an imperialist nation the germs of war are ever present. The achievement of socialism must be our central goal never to be lost sight of. But it is not an immediately achievable goal. Churchill—aping Hitler—is trying to frighten the people with his "Red Bugaboo." He does this to conceal the fact that it is democracy and peace itself which the imperialists seek to destroy. Our immediate job is to weaken and curb imperialism, to prevent fascist brutalities, to fight intimidators, terrorists and warmongers, to block imperialism's drive toward war, to fight for higher living standards, to expand democracy—and meanwhile to strengthen mass understanding of the necessity for socialism.

The Indonesian people are not helpless against the present imperialist terror. Nor is the Hukbalahap of Central Luzon. Nor are the Chinese people. Nor are the brave people of France and Eastern Europe. Is there something peculiar, something different about Americans? No, there is not—except that we have been slow to recognize the danger and slow to organize against it. We must therefore apply special energy to the acute problems we face.

The Win-the-Peace Conference called in Washington, D. C., for April 5, 6, and 7 by a distinguished group of sponsors, offers a major opportunity to organize the new anti-fascist, anti-imperialist struggle. Organizations throughout the country are being asked to send delegates to go on record and to fight for US-USSR friendship, for a strong United Nations, for a democratic Far Eastern policy, for the abandonment of atom bomb diplomacy, for colonial freedom and for a domestic policy which protects basic liberties and promotes welfare. From this conference must come a stronger permanent organization to carry to all corners of the nation the fight to win the peace.

Meanwhile the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, the CIO Political Action Committee and the National Citizens PAC, the trade unions, progressive church groups, American Labor Party, the Communist Party and decent elements in the major parties are struggling against the warmongers. The work of all these groups in their special fields must be immensely strengthened. For the people as a whole are not yet militantly aroused to the dangers that lie immediately ahead.

There must be more than picket lines here and there against the Churchills and occasional demonstrations for Big Three Unity or against the Freeport and Columbia bigots. There must be continuous and ever-spreading actions directed against the foe wherever he is found. The danger is visibly at hand. Reach and involve all the democratic people! Support and strengthen the militant organizations America already has! Create new ones like the Win-the-Peace Conference to carry the fight victoriously against every sector of the enemy lines!

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Ode to the Departure of Winston Churchill

Right Honourable Sir,
may we set aside the ritual of masks and rhetoric
so common to the diplomatic crime,
and turn to the matter at hand,
which is, namely, murder?

O thou ex-Prime Minister
of His Majesty's Happy Empire
(O laughing Indonesians, smiling Greeks),
farewell: we have your latest intimate plan,
your simple homily on how to die.

See, the fat man stands naked there!
How the peace has plucked the fat man clean
with his feathers and the clucking sound
gibbering with the loons of history
and by courtesy of the combined networks
sickens the air unto our very room.

All went well, the speech, the press,
the President's quaint applause, the joke.
But truly, sir, we have too recently
counted the dead; the tired men are resting;
our sorrows barely understood by the children;
surely you cannot conjure a crusade
despite the nobility of cause.
Why, sir,
the blood's not one year dried
upon the ordinary fields, and the maggots
still feast within our son's white skeleton!
Give them time, sir, give them time.

Despite his booming grammar, the notable prose,
despite the Christian call, we cannot, cannot,
will not, will not save the fat man's circus!

Hear the rattle of chains along the archipelagoes;
See the outline of the knife within the sleeve,
and the atom set along all the latitudes.

The burial of the past need no longer be delayed.
Turn the dead earth over with a spade.

NORMAN ROSTEN.

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BOOMERANG IN WASHINGTON

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

WHILE with enough padding around and about the marble corridors of the Senate Office Building it is easy for a reporter to get reactions to the Churchill speech, Senators who will comment for the record on President Truman's connection with it are scarce as hens' teeth. They either have nothing to say, or they take the position of the Vermont Republican, Sen. George D. Aiken, who said, "I'm willing to take President Truman at his word. I can see how he wouldn't ask in advance what Churchill was going to say."

Of course, he said, that would not necessarily prevent the President's speaking out on it later.

But there was no such assumption in the words of two Republicans who talked with extreme frankness but not for quotation.

One of them, a reactionary who swallowed his anti-Soviet bias during the war to support the Roosevelt foreign policies, at the same time maintaining his anti-labor opposition to the Roosevelt domestic program, impatiently brushed aside my timid reminder of press reports (Washington *Post* March 9) that a copy of Churchill's speech had been given to Mr. Truman the night before it was delivered.

"They didn't wait until then," he said.

"All this was decided several months ago, by Mr. Byrnes and Truman."

This man speaks with authority; he is a member of the Foreign Relations committee.

"Of course, Churchill didn't speak officially for the British government," he went on. "But Truman's introduction of Churchill made it semi-official so far as this government goes."

As for the alliance, "we have it now," he said. When I murmured that I didn't understand just what he meant —did he mean only that no one in the British government or this one had repudiated it? he became apparently quite angry with me. "Would you want them to repudiate it? Yes, you would. Britain is an ally." But of course he could not seriously maintain that two allies should gang up on a third. He changed his tack, and although I said almost nothing, he grew madder and madder. "I don't speak for the State Department, or the administration," he said, "but this is just an effort to make the UNO work. Do you want me to be real frank with you? Well—here you have Russia going outside the UNO with an expansionist policy. This is to scare Russia into going along with the UNO."

"And of course we — not Mr. Churchill, but we— have the bomb with which to scare? And some people who assume Russia doesn't have the bomb would like to go to war quickly against Russia and just drop a few —." But I didn't get a chance to complete the question.

"We have the bomb — which we have no intention of using for expansionist purposes," he interrupted me. "And Russia has a pretty good bomb herself in the form of an army of 12,000,000 men that she refuses to demobilize," he said furiously.

"But you do think a nation can be scared into —"

"I know that's what you wanted me to say," he said angrily. "Now I've said it. I don't want to argue about it." To make him more comfortable, I departed.

THE other Republican who would not let me use his name refused to commit himself even off the record about the Churchill speech itself, but said frankly: "As for Truman's sponsoring it, I cannot for the life of me see what guided him — unless it was sheer stupidity."

From any standpoint of political expediency, it didn't make sense. "Just forget everything else but votes," he said. "Look at the Irish vote in this country. Look at the vets."

This man is a very astute politician. He is one of the big behind-the-scenes Republicans. He is a member of the GOP steering committee in the Senate, he is on two of the most important Senate committees, and he is a smooth operator. He is anti-British, but it is extremely doubtful if his anti-British views could be more hostile than his anti-Russian sentiments. But strictly from a politician's

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standpoint he is puzzled by the Truman course. "Truman had a chance to become a tremendously big figure," he said. "If he had taken a course in which he didn't fear to trample on toes, he would have had all the plain people with him in the next election. He may have some deep-laid plan—but if it's too obscure for anyone to understand, then the voter can't understand it, either."

THE most outspoken of all the critics of the Churchill speech I talked to was the unpredictable Sen. Owen Brewster, the Maine Republican who was active in the Mead Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program, the old Truman committee. He also is a member of the Naval Affairs Committee which investigated the President's nomination of Edwin W. Pauley as Undersecretary of the Navy, before Mr. Truman at long last withdrew the nomination.

On March 7 Senator Brewster, commenting on Churchill's speech, said he believed that the best interests of the USA lay in close cooperation with Russia rather than Britain. Yet Senator Brewster himself does not always appear aware of the need for friendly attitudes toward the Soviet Union. Far from it. Within the next few days he told the Senate Commerce Committee that under the terms of an aviation agreement reached at Chicago last year Russia could sign the agreement and acquire the right to send planes into Pearl Harbor daily "with an atomic bomb." They could be operating into Pearl Harbor at all times, he said, "with consequences that I shudder to contemplate." He was rebuked by Chairman Josiah Bailey, who said he had "no suspicion" of Russia.

Senator Brewster spoke without hesitation when I saw him. Asked what he thought the sum total of Washington reactions to the Churchill speech were, he said at once, "I was very pleasantly surprised by the lack of enthusiasm it evoked. It was amazing. I had thought that mine might be a lonely voice in the night, but no. It is possible that they underestimated the maturity of the American people and of Congress."

He went on to say, so rapidly that keeping up with him in taking notes was difficult, that "that spy scare was so elementary that my chief reaction to it was a sense of insult." The flood of "provocations" it released, such as the statement, announced only now, of the shooting down of an American plane four months ago, left him cold, apparently.

He saw in these provocative statements "a technique long employed in

E. Miller

European countries, that they thought we'd be naive enough to swallow."

"I've been reading *The Great Conspiracy*," he said, alluding to the story of anti-Soviet intrigue by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. "It gives me a better understanding of what is going on now, to see what happened. I'm through reading about the first decade after the other world war, and of course it was Churchill who ran all those expeditions into the Caucasus and Archangel and so on, and they were all a big flop."

The vast amounts of money and materiel spent on these expeditions against the new Soviet government in those years reminded the Senator of the "extent to which American arms and munitions are being administered now to the new coalition." He meant, of course, the Anglo-American coalition.

"We have turned over five and a half billion dollars' worth of surplus material, military inventory and arms to Great Britain, some of which probably is now being used to shoot down Indonesians and to shoot Jews in Palestine," he said. "And what became of the German munitions we do not know yet. Our committee (the Mead committee) has been trying to find out for three months and the War Department has not told us yet."

The report of the committee expected to be issued this week on surplus material abroad poses the question to what extent the State Department has a right to turn over to Britain without the vote of Congress or the consent of the American people this ammunition for use against native peoples, he said.

SEN. CLAUDE PEPPER of Florida has undeviatingly worked in behalf of American-Soviet friendship. It was Senators Pepper, Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia and Glen H. Taylor of Idaho, all Democrats, who issued a joint statement calling the Churchill proposal "an old fashioned 'power politics' military alliance between Great Britain and the United States." They spoke of "this Tory clamor in Britain and the United States which is building up war," and said Churchill proposed a "new British-American imperialism."

Senator Pepper, questioned a few days later, said that in his opinion the reaction to the Churchill speech was "overwhelmingly contrary to it."

Asked if he thought that the anti-Soviet incitations in this country were related to our having the bomb, he said, "A few very foolish people are saying we ought to have a war and destroy Russia with a few bombs." They are in many case the same forces who, after the last war, hated the new socialist state and wanted to destroy her—"and look where that got them," he said.

Senator Pepper, who plans a major speech on the subject soon, said that every one who adds to the anti-Soviet clamor "ought to be rebuked in the sharpest terms."

I told the Senator that in the little lunchroom patronized by employes of the Senate Office Building I had just heard one employe say to another, as if in terms of greeting, "Well, what do you say—shall we fight 'em now, or wait?" Such remarks, given impetus by the Churchill speech, he termed "tragic."

It was apparently an increase of such remarks after the Churchill speech which caused Lieut. Col. Frank Ebey, commanding officer of American troops in Wuerzburg, Germany, to issue an order warning them against criticism of the Soviet Union. His order to the 203rd Anti-Aircraft Battalion began: "It has been brought to my attention that the morale of the civilian population of Wuerzburg has been raised as the result of a speech in the United States by a British politician, relative to our ally, the Russian people."

"The accumulated weight of all the recent attacks against Russia is mitigating against the peace," Senator Pepper observed.

One of Senator Pepper's occasional news commentaries sent to home papers was given me by one of his office staff. For release March 14, it said in part: "You have to take with a grain of salt what some of the critics of Russia are saying. Currently Senator Vandenberg, for example, came back from London and made a speech in the Senate in which he asked the question, 'What is Russia up to?' Merely hearing him speak you would not remember that Senator Vandenberg was one of the Senators who voted to make it illegal for Russia to get Lend Lease in 1941. And that was before Russia did any of

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the things he and the other critics are now attacking her for. Russia has done many things of which I do not approve, but so have other countries. When I hear the British complain so bitterly about Russian troops being in Iran I remember that I saw British troops in every country between Cairo and Iran—in Egypt, Palestine, in Lebanon, in Syria, in Iraq and Iran, not to speak of the British troops which are presently fighting in India and in the Netherland East Indies.

"When they tell you about other nations whose troops are occupying foreign soil, they do not tell you about the number of people killed, and maimed, by British troops. Nearly every day in the countries the British occupy, people are shot down trying to get British troops out of their country.

"They don't tell you about the countries the French occupy with their troops. They don't tell you about the Parliament House in Syria which I saw, which was demolished by French troops, or that the Syrian President and his family were held by the French for eight days, because the Syrian people wanted to get the French troops out of their country and to be an independent nation." And he said: "What we in the United States must avoid is letting some of the old Empires make us the buffer between them and Russia. In other words, have us pull chestnuts out of their fires."

THE "iron curtain" phrase which Churchill used in his speech was used exactly twenty-nine times in one speech by Sen. Arthur Vandenberg last fall. But when I saw Senator Vandenberg get off the little subway train which carts Senators back and forth to the Senate, and kept him company, to his apparent discomfiture, while he walked down a corridor, asking him when I could get an interview, he was as non-committal as ever. "Do you have an 'iron curtain' policy where the NEW MASSES is concerned, Senator?" I asked him. "I try repeatedly to see you but it is always the same." By this time we had reached the elevator, and several persons stood about waiting to go up. The Senator allowed himself a frozen smile, and turning to face me for the first time in our joint walk, he said, "No, no iron curtains." But when I tried the next two times to see him, he was unavailable.

The present thrust toward war on the part of some "is an acknowledgement of failure to meet peacetime economic responsibilities," Senator Aiken (R. Vt.) told me. High on the list he placed the failure to deal decently with colonial peoples. "Take the French East Indies. They say those people are not able to govern themselves. But they never will be if they are denied facilities for health and education."

Sen. Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts gave Mr. Churchill only the the gentlest tap on the wrist. Almost a week after the speech, he told me that his "quick reaction" was that "the English-speaking people want to stick together to make UNO work," and that "the danger with military alliance is that they make other people worried." He said it was "not quite accurate" to say Truman sponsored Churchill—he "introduced" him. And he found anti-Soviet attacks "not unnatural" because of the "very emotional period" we are in. At the same time he praised Secretary of State Byrnes and Senators Vandenberg and Connally for their "frank talk at London."

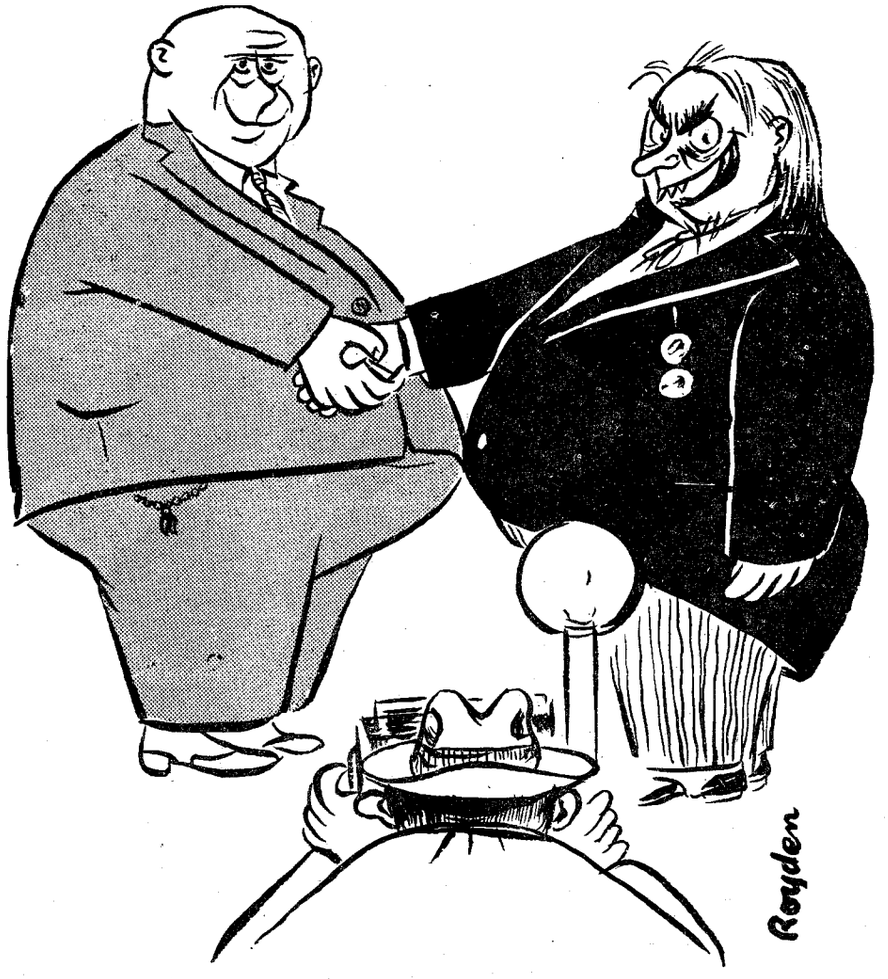
Asked if by any chance he related today's trends to our possession of the atom bomb, he said vaguely that "perhaps Russia may be looking to her own security."

And might not some people, if they assumed Russia didn't have the bomb, be thinking in terms that we wouldn't need to do more than drop a few bombs now if we did it quick? "I never use the words, atomic bomb," said Senator Saltonstall primly. "I always use the language, atomic energy. It is more constructive." But wasn't it strange that "every nation wants to get security"? And certainly we didn't need any more, I asked? "No, certainly, but we have to keep what we've got," he said, with compressed lips.

"That hasn't been the testimony of some of the scientists—some of them thought that if international controls were agreed on we should get rid of our bombs and quit making them," I said.

"I do not agree," said the man who never uses the words "atomic bomb."

This Week's Rankest



"Senator Brandenburg and I have put aside party differences in order to present a united front against Russian expansionism."—Senator Rankest.

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BROWDER: RENEGADE'S ROAD

By A. B. MAGIL

"BROWDER ACCUSES COMMUNIST CHIEFS OF FRAMEUP AND SLANDER." "BROWDER SAYS COMMUNISTS FRAMED HIM, FORCING HIM TO GET A CAPITALISTIC JOB." These headlines are from recent issues of the New York *World-Telegram*, Scripps-Howard newspaper, and the New York *Times*. They have a familiar ring. Substitute "Trotsky" for "Browder" and they are almost word for word the headlines you read eight or nine years ago during the Moscow trials. They emphasize how swift is the process of political degeneration once the abandonment of Marxist principles itself becomes a principle. The reactionary press has a keen nose for this sort of thing—keener than some progressives. And in the *World-Telegram* it is that minor preacher of the Goebbels gospel, Frederick Woltman, who wields the smear brush in behalf of the expelled former head of the Communist Party of the USA.

It is important to understand the role which Earl Browder is playing today and the meaning of the ideas he expounds. They must be understood in order to be fought. For Browder and Browderism find defenders in the reactionary press only because they are themselves the defenders of reaction. What is involved here is no "conflict of personalities" or doctrinal "hair-splitting." The history of similar struggles in the international Marxist movement shows that the issues that divide Browder and the Communists concern the fate of millions. There would be no special need to deal with Browder and Browderism did they appear openly in their true colors. But just as Browder assumes the guise of injured innocence and professes to champion decisions and policies which he bitterly opposed, so his ideas—the ideas of repulsive monopoly capitalism—take on seductive garb and are sometimes embraced even by those who believe they have rejected Browderism.

Browder has distributed through the mails a printed appeal to the members of the Communist Party. This appeal actually was sent to a list of names which included members and non-members. It opens with a lie that is only one small part of a glittering structure of falsehood. Browder states that his expulsion by the Communist Party's National Committee leaves him "the recourse only of appealing to the Party membership." He knows that under the Party's constitution he still has the recourse of appealing to its national convention. He chooses instead to "appeal" to members and sympathizers—and to the capitalist press—only for the purpose of sowing political confusion and organizing a factional struggle against the Communist Party. That he is actually aiming to build a faction is further evident from the fact that he appeals for funds to finance his disruptive work.

Of course this public attack on the Party and its leadership is made in behalf of "the right of every rank-and-file member to raise his voice in criticism." Every renegade from the Communist movement—Trotsky, Lovestone, Doriot, etc.—has sung that tune. It comes with particular irony from the lips of Browder. He who foisted his false, anti-Marxist theories on the Communist movement without permitting any dissent, who suppressed the letter of William Z. Foster criticizing those theories, is now metamorphosed into a simple rank-and-filer pleading for democracy and freedom of criticism!

Browder knows that the convention of the Communist Party last July was preceded by two months of the first truly democratic discussion the Party has held in years. He knows that he and his supporters were given full freedom to express their views. He knows that an overwhelming majority of the members rejected those views, which did not receive a single vote in the convention. And he also knows that it is an elementary Communist tenet, a root principle of democratic centralism, that, as Stalin points out in *Foundations of Leninism*, "after a discussion has been closed, after criticism has run its course and a decision has been made, unity of will and unity of action of all Party members become indispensable conditions without which Party unity and iron discipline in the Party are inconceivable."

WHAT Browder actually demands is freedom to disrupt the Party's unity of will and action, freedom to overturn the decisions of the majority, freedom to spread within the Party and the working class his own perversions of Marxism which the membership repudiated. This kind of "freedom" can only serve the interests of the capitalists. And Browder raises his demand at a time of world crisis when unity of the Communists is an indispensable condition for achieving the broader unity of the working class and its allies in the battle to save peace and democracy from the howling wolves of capitalist reaction.

Does Browder openly proclaim his hostility to the decisions of the convention at which he suffered such a stunning defeat? Perish the thought! He, the simple rank-and-filer, is laboring to rescue those decisions which have been "reversed by the leadership without consulting the Party." Browder hams the part a bit, beats his chest a little too hard, but perhaps there are a few innocents who may mistake this writhing Iago for Othello.

Here is his "defense" of the convention decisions as he himself constructs it. The "central point" of the July convention resolution "could only be our estimate of the class and political groupings, and their political relationships within the country, their relationship to governmental policies at home and abroad and to the state power. Upon such an estimate every serious Party must base its strategy and tactics. . . ." The strategy embodied in the resolution, Browder states, was—and he quotes—"to weld together and consolidate the broadest national coalition of all anti-fascist and democratic forces, including all supporters of Roosevelt's anti-Axis policies." The tactic adopted to advance this strategy was, according to him—and he quotes again—"that the American people resolutely support every effort of the Truman Administration to carry forward the policies of the Roosevelt-labor-democratic coalition." He then charges that "these two key decisions" affecting strategy and tactics "have been completely abandoned" and replaced by "the opposite strategy of breaking up the Roosevelt-labor-democratic coalition, dealing with the Truman Administration as the chief enemy instead of as the governmental expression of the coalition of which we are part and support."

Let's examine these charges a little closer. It is significant that Browder does not discuss the convention's fundamental political approach which he him-

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self admits must be the basis of strategy and tactics. Is it because this approach reversed his own? Is it because he continues to combat this approach in the pages of his weekly publication, *Distributors' Guide?* And does he elevate strategy and tactics into a principle in order to hide his own abandonment of fundamental principle?

Even if it were true that the leadership of the Communist Party had changed the strategy and tactics adopted at the convention, they are empowered to do so under the Party's constitution; are in fact elected for the purpose of shaping strategy and tactics in accordance with the developing situation between conventions. What sort of generals would they be who would insist on maintaining not only strategy but even tactics unchanged for one or two years irrespective of the changing course of battle?

BROWDER'S charges are, however, based on a crude falsification of the convention resolution. The passage he quotes on the Truman administration *does not occur in the resolution as adopted and as published in the September issue of "Political Affairs."* It is taken from the draft version of the resolution which Browder sharply attacked during the pre-convention discussion. Though he now claims to be defending the final form of the resolution, he tries to palm off this earlier formulation. The actual statement in the resolution as adopted reads:

"It is imperative that the American people insist that the Truman Administration carry forward the policies of the Roosevelt-labor-democratic coalition for American-Soviet friendship; for the vital social aims of the economic bill of rights; for civil liberties; for the rights of the Negro people; and for collective bargaining. It is equally necessary that labor and the people sharply criticize all hesitations to apply these policies and vigorously oppose any concessions to the reactionaries by the Truman Administration, which is tending to make certain concessions under the increasing pressure of the reactionary imperialist combination led by the monopolies."

Clearly, instead of the blanket support of Truman, which Browder attributes to the Communist resolution, there was first, an appeal to the people to fight for the carrying out of the program of the Roosevelt-labor-democratic coalition, and, second, a warning against reactionary administration trends which have further matured since the convention.

The estimate of Truman given last July actually reveals the foresight of the Communist Party under its new leadership.

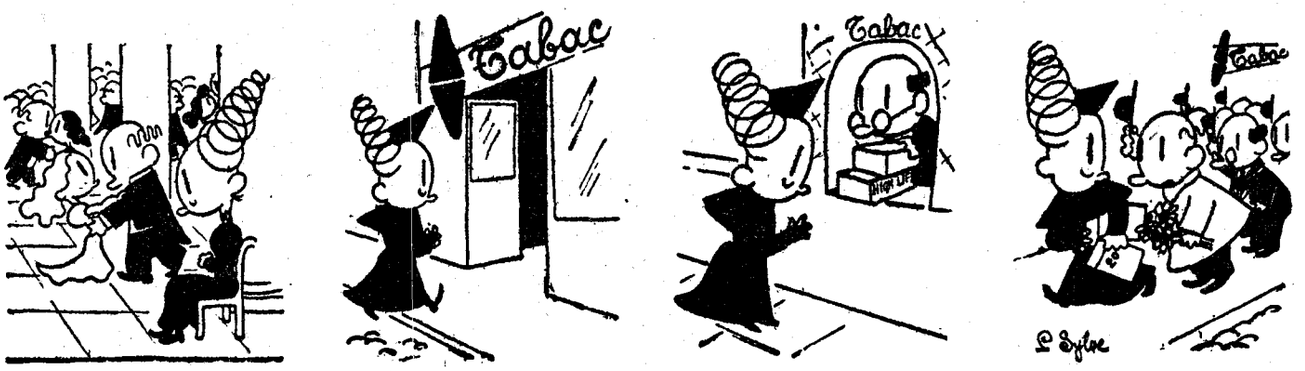
It is Truman who has abandoned the Roosevelt-labor-democratic coalition. Browder tries to cover this up and to pin the blame on the Communists. That is the traditional Red-baiters' technique. And not content with falsifying the Communist resolution, Browder also attempts to falsify the position of President Philip Murray of the CIO, omitting all mention of the public tongue-lashing Murray administered to Truman when the latter unveiled his anti-labor "cooling-off" proposal. At a time when the estrangement of Truman and labor is being widely discussed in the press, Browder attempts to paint their relations in idyllic colors. And at a time when such close associates of President Roosevelt as former Secretary Ickes, former Secretary Morgenthau, and Secretary Wallace find it necessary to criticize Truman's policies and in the case of the first two even to break with him, the "Marxist," Earl Browder, is engaged in describing him as "truly FDR's successor," who "has won by his own strength of leadership in moments of crisis the full right to wear the Roosevelt mantle." (*Distributors' Guide*, February 2.) It is evident that Browder has deserted not only Marxism, but even honest, middle-class liberalism.

And in extenuation of his activities he pleads, like a certain type of lady, that he must earn a living. Under the fraudulent label of "economic analyses" for businessmen, Browder is publishing a magazine which, in the words of the National Board of the Communist Party, "presents a political platform in which he has developed his revisionism of Marxism to an open defense of American imperialism and unreserved support for the entire policy of the Truman Administration, including its imperialist course in foreign affairs." In his appeal Browder replies to this charge by once more assuming the guise of the hard-working rank-and-filer, this time posing as just one among thousands of writers, newspapermen and economists who are Party members.

Here Browder is resorting to the verbal sleight-of-hand at which he is so adept. He is attempting to place his publication of anti-Marxist political articles as a platform of struggle against the Communist Party and its program on the same level as the work of Tom Jones, who is a reporter on a commercial newspaper. This is palpable fraud. When Earl Browder, the revisionist, demands that he be considered a free-lance, what he is actually demanding is freedom to serve the interests of American imperialism. He tries to cover up with the specious plea that he must earn a living, but the fact is that Browder refused to place himself at the disposal of the Party for any assignment in order to undertake this far more congenial assignment from the capitalist class.

Casuistry is not the least of the attributes of Browderism—casuistry that is the tawdry cloak of betrayal.

What is the character of the "economic analyses" which Browder is publishing in his "Distributors' Guide"? This will be the subject of another article by Mr. Magil.



"The Wallflower"—a comment on the French tobacco shortage, from "Les Lettres Francaises," Paris literary weekly.

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OUR CAPTAIN BOTTCHER

By ROSS LYNCH

FOREWORD: Herman Bottcher, native of Germany, left this country to fight the rise of fascism in Spain in 1937. There, distinguishing himself in the Loyalist army, he was decorated three times and rose to the rank of major. He returned to San Francisco two years later, learning that his participation in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade had resulted in the loss of his American citizenship.

At San Francisco State College, Bottcher continued the studies he had interrupted for the Loyalist cause. By Dec. 7, 1941, he needed only a few credits for graduation. The following January, discouragement by the War Department notwithstanding, he began training as an Army private. A year later he became a staff sergeant.

At Buna, in the 126th Infantry, he won his first Distinguished Service Cross and a field promotion to captain. To effect this commission, Congress adopted a special act making Bottcher an American citizen. Wounded three times, Bottcher also won the Purple Heart with two clusters. He was awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to his DSC.

When the 126th Infantry was relieved by the 127th, Bottcher joined the 127th. Eventually the 127th was relieved by the 32nd Reconnaissance. Bottcher said he could never see "this relief business," and transferred again.

During the final week of the Leyte campaign just before his death, headquarters had recommendations to award Bottcher the Silver Star and commission him a major.

THIS is the story of the last days of Captain Herman Bottcher, as related to me in the Philippines by members of the 32nd Reconnaissance Squad, men whom he led through crucial fighting in New Guinea and later in the bitterly contested battle for Leyte, where he met his death.

"What kind of a guy was Bottcher?" I asked a group of gnarly, battle-scarred soldiers sitting around a rest-area tent.

"Bottcher," replied one slowly, "we'd have followed into hell carrying buckets of ice water."

Spokesman was Private "Tex" Pitcox of Amarillo, Texas. "I was in training with Bottcher at Camp Roberts, California," continued Pitcox. "We came overseas together. You know, he had been in wars before this one. He fought in Spain. He didn't particularly like to fight, don't get that idea. I've heard it said that he was a 'soldier of fortune.' Some guys got that idea, but it was all wrong. He fought for ideals, for democracy, because he had learned the bitter truth about fascism."

Ordered to go behind enemy lines in northern Leyte to determine the dispositions of huge Japanese forces concentrated there, a patrol of fifty-six men led by Captain Herman Bottcher landed at Carigara Bay on Nov. 14, 1944.

Despite the handicaps of operating under cover of darkness in jungle terrain harboring many thousands of the Japanese, in three days the small band of men had successfully penetrated enemy lines. They had come by landing craft to Consuegra, a small native village, and had then trekked inland to Agayayan, where they set up a command post.

Bottcher, steadied by action, was never ruffled by danger. Threatened by a superior enemy force, he would lead his men into the jungle undergrowth, letting the enemy pass, meanwhile noting the condition and strength of the troops. As soon as the Japanese had cleared, he would radio this information to divisional headquarters.

About a month after their landing on Leyte, while every one was out on patrol except Bottcher and eighteen others who were eating supper, the command post was sighted by an enemy force numbering sixty-five. At the first signs of attack, Bottcher picked up a machinegun, swung it into position and fired. He drew heavy return fire. When the Japanese began closing in, he ordered the men to use their knee mortars. The subsequent gunfire dispersed the raiders.

Early during the attack it had been necessary to withdraw across a small creek, leaving behind some of the equipment, but later they were able to go back and retake the supplies.

From this engagement Bottcher

Why the Brass Attacks Communists

THIS article came to us unsolicited several weeks before the War Department decided to bar Communists from "sensitive" duty in the Army. It serves as a reply to the brass hats by expressing the deep feeling which non-Communist GIs had for an outstanding war hero and Communist, Capt. Herman Bottcher. The War Department in its order did not specify Communists, but everyone knows that its reference to "subversive" elements is intended to mean Communists and that is how the newspapers have interpreted it. The order is part of the developing campaign to convert the Army into a vehicle for imperialist war. Only recently Lieut. Gen. James C. H. Lee, commander of the Mediterranean theater, remarked that "our future [army] will be a career army rather than a democratic army, which we had during the war." There is the tipoff why Communists are being labeled "disaffected" persons. They were among the foremost of anti-fascist fighters for democratic principles long before the brass hats knew what the war was about. From Communist ranks came not only Capt. Bottcher, but men such as Capt. Alexander Suer, awarded the DSC, the Soldier's Medal and a Presidential Unit Citation. Both died in action. From the Communists also came S/Sgt. Robert Thompson, DSC; Capt. Irving Goff, Legion of Merit, and thousands of others. Linked to the War Department's discriminatory act is its imposition of a rigid censorship over Army newspapers, the restriction of anti-fascist orientation courses, the removal of Communists and non-Communists from appointed duties because they used their legal rights to protest against demobilization policies. Only the most concerted protest can stop the War Department from transforming the Army into a threat against the American people themselves.—*The Editors.*

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netted a Japanese artillery captain, the highest ranking enemy officer captured by American forces during the Leyte campaign. Bottcher's hide-and-go-seek strategy in the jungles netted the Recon squad many a captive.

Still on reconnaissance, Bottcher's outfit advanced its command post to Mambajao, halfway between Agayayan and the west coast of Leyte. During one venture with fewer than fifty men, Bottcher observed a Japanese force of 100 men advancing upon his squad. He ordered his troops to take cover, passed the word to check their packs and prepare themselves to move out. To a lieutenant's query whether they were going to retreat, Bottcher retorted, "Not for a hundred Japs, we're not!"

Bottcher seemed to possess a sixth sense. He often guessed enemy plans, and tested by repeated encounters with the Japanese was his uncanny insight into the workings of the enemy mind. During the forty-eight days Bottcher led the patrol behind enemy lines, the outfit suffered but four casualties.

THE night during which Bottcher was hit was one of the rare times he spoke of his many awards. He recalled how, when he won his first DSC, he had been too busy with the boys and had not formally appeared to receive the decoration.

In the late stages of the Leyte campaign, the Japanese were making a final effort to reinforce remnants of their army still controlling northwest Leyte. They tried to accomplish this feat by routing supplies into Silad Bay.

Under orders to scout the area and to report the strength of enemy dispositions to divisional headquarters, Bottcher's unit moved to a small hill near Otin, overlooking Silad Bay. There, finding housing in three abandoned native huts, the men established observation points.

For days the men kept their posts but they noted no Japanese activity. On the evening of December 30, Leyte being considered relatively secure, a radio message ordered the squad back to divisional headquarters.

Shortly after midnight, the men on lookout observed a strong force of Japanese moving up through rice paddies to the east, heading toward the hill of Otin in apparent retreat before assaulting American troops. The enemy obviously sought evacuation through Japanese concentrations nearer Silad Bay.

Consisting of 300 men, the enemy force outnumbered Bottcher's outfit six to one. They appeared well-disciplined and carried rifles, plenty of ammunition, 90 mm. mortars and the smaller but deadlier Japanese knee mortars.

By 2:45 in the morning the Japanese had found the hill of Otin and made contact with Bottcher's squad. The first shots were exchanged; following Bottcher's orders, the approximately fifty men of the patrol formed a perimeter around the crest of the hill. Bottcher lay down to observe deployment of the enemy.

The Japanese attempted to pocket the Americans by surrounding the hill. At this stage of the fighting, Staff Sergeant Don Aney and Private John Curwin, both on the machinegun, were killed. They were replaced by Sergeant Rodda and Sergeant Klimas, who were subsequently wounded. Corporal McKay, then taking over, silenced the enemy gun responsible for the four casualties.

When the fire had increased to such intensity the position appeared no longer tenable, Bottcher arose to pass the word to Staff Sergeant Jim Cable of Chattanooga, Tenn., that it was necessary to withdraw.

For a second there was the thundering burst of a mortar shell, and then Bottcher, in the awful quiet, cried out: "They blew my leg off!"

Cable rushed to Bottcher's side.

"Leave me," Bottcher groaned. "I'm done for. It'll be hard enough to save yourselves. Try to withdraw the troops."

The men weren't in the habit of leaving wounded men, let alone their own captain. A medic dashed to a shack for plasma; the trip was futile; shellfire had destroyed the shack. Another soldier radioed headquarters to rush plasma by plane. Lt. Royal Steele of New York applied a tourniquet to Bottcher's thigh and Sgt. Tony Gaidosik of Milwaukee administered morphine. With Bottcher protesting, "You can't make it out with me. Leave me here and get out," the men lifted him onto a litter they had made of shelter-halves stretched between two poles.

To keep open an escape route, Corporal Stone had held his position and driven off repeated enemy efforts to close the encirclement leading to an advanced 127th Infantry post.

After evacuating their wounded captain from the hill near Otin, the men had the problem of clearing a jungle space for the plane from headquarters. With natives' assistance, they built a Cub strip. The plane tried to land, but without success.

Frantically the medics listened to doctors' instructions coming from headquarters' radio. With apprehension they watched Bottcher.

The squad built a second strip, but the Cub still couldn't land. A third strip was necessary. When the Cub landed Bottcher was in a coma. He was too weak to take plasma or to be lifted into the plane. Mutely the men turned away.

THE funeral cortege proceeded by barge from Silad Bay to Campocan. Bottcher's buddies wanted a big funeral, one befitting the extraordinary character of their captain. Because time was short, on Jan. 3, 1945, they stopped at Linon and there in the jungle constructed a private graveyard. His mission accomplished, the battle for Leyte won, Herman Bottcher rested in Leyte's soil.

Such was the toll of victory. Blank-eyed, rendered insensible to victory by its dark anti-climax, the men talked quietly to me of Bottcher.

It was Sergeant Schirak, of Terre Haute, Ind., speaking: "Remember [turning to the others] how he used to be a bug on keeping the place clean? He'd tell us that the way to keep the 'Gestapo' from nosing around was to keep the place spotlessly clean. He was very clean about his personal habits, too, and was always telling us to take care of our feet.

"Bottcher kept himself in the best of physical condition and I don't think he had much sympathy for a man who didn't care about his health and equipment."

Recalled Private Pitcox: "He had plenty of close calls before. I remember once when the Japanese had him pinned down behind a tree and kept chewing away at that tree till all that remained was a stump. But Bottcher held out, with bullets whizzing by and splatting into the stub of that tree. At night, he sneaked off in the dark."

Pitcox: "Our captain was a fellow who practiced real democracy. I'll never forget the time the officers had peaches. Bottcher wouldn't eat any because there weren't enough to go around to the rest of us. He didn't believe in there being any difference between officers and enlisted men. He often said that he would like to get rid of bed-rolls and bunks for officers; that if ever he got power enough to do something about it, the only reason you'd be in the Army would be to get the war over with—nothing else, no luxuries for anybody."

Schirak: "He took great pains in see-

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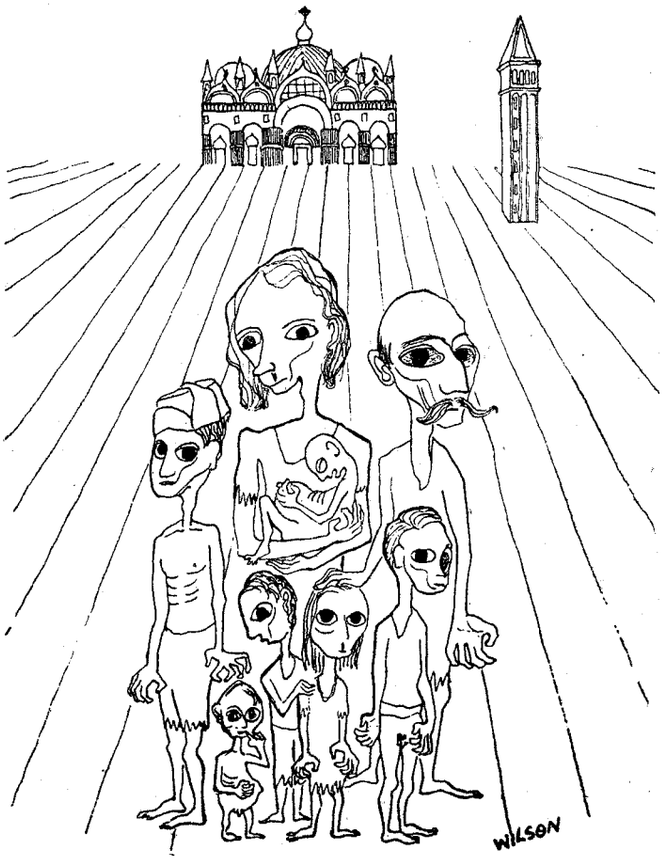
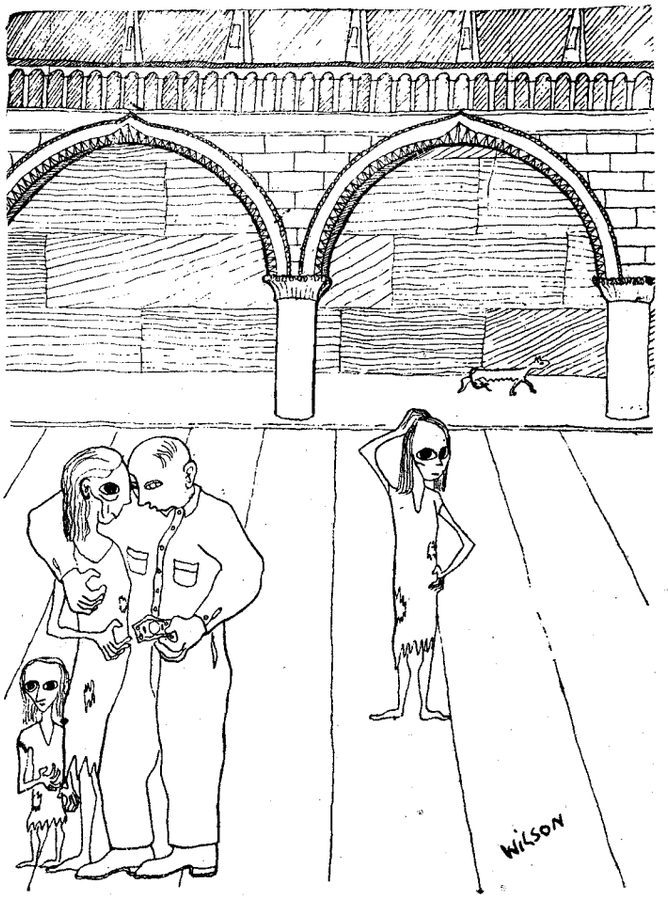
ing that we were given the best of food and personally supervised the packing of the rations we'd take out on our missions.

"He had a lot of patience and seldom lost his temper. He did get burned up, though, when he heard fellows griping about what a rough time they had. He, who had had experience with the Loyalist army, knew how much better equipped and supplied the American soldier was. He couldn't see this continual bitching about a job that had to be done."

"What Bottcher believed in," T/5 Roy Davis added, "was opposition to fascism. He had found out long ago what it's taken us years to find out. Bottcher saw fascism rise in Germany, later in Spain and Japan.

"He could not rest. He had to fight this evil wherever he found it. I only wish that we could have understood things like he did."





Venice: 1946. Forrest Wilson of the National Maritime Union records the hunger of the Italian people as he saw it against the background of the City of the Doges.

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MATTER OF FACT . . . by LEWIS MERRILL

LABOR MUST LEAD

EVER since the American Revolution the history of our country has been one of struggle between the common people and the monied aristocracy. The rupture with England in 1776 freed the monied aristocracy to seek in their own right the domination of this continent. Now the speeches of an Englishman disclose the plans of modern American finance capital to dominate the entire world.

Churchill's speech in Fulton, Mo., sponsored by President Truman, and his speech in New York, reveal the true aims of American reaction, to which he was appealing for an alliance. He hopes to perpetuate the British Empire, at the cost of destroying the UNO and starting a new war. He is appealing to forces in this country which in their economic program, domestic politics and foreign affairs have developed policies designed to bring about their complete sway over the United States and the world market. Churchill is simply trying to get a share for his unsavory sponsors among British finance capital. His lure is readier access to the Empire markets (already penetrated by the $4,000,000,000 loan) plus the military assistance of the Empire in a war against the Soviet Union which he feels is the ultimate goal of American monopoly enterprise and those who own it. But the Wall Street banking interests are not so sure they have to count the British in. They would prefer to keep all the loot for themselves.

Churchill's speeches mirror in all their ugliness the true purpose of American reaction. They make clear to the dullest-witted of us the source of the new fascist threat here in America. It's really an old story. Under the presidencies of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, the American people have come to grips before with intrenched capital interests and have battled for their democratic rights with clear-sightedness and unity. But never were the stakes so vast or so meaningful to the future of our country and mankind. The American people will react to this challenge. The grim fate of the German people is forever a warning to those who fail to recognize and deal with fascism in time.

What in all this is the position of the American labor movement? Does it not see that the anti-democratic forces against which it struggles so valiantly here in America have a world program as reactionary as their domestic program and will, if it is successful, spell the death of the American labor movement as an independent instrument of the workers and the people? Why is the labor movement so silent?

The full answer, of course, would be a manifold one. It would have to deal with all the currents in the labor movement, its international relationships, its organizing of the unorganized, its economic struggles, its wider preparations for independent political action, the perfection of its relations with other progressive forces, the history of its development and a description of the enormous obstacles which it still has to overcome. But if a single answer for the silence of labor is to be given, then I would say it is unreasoning confidence in the myth of the American Boom, and a basic reliance on the employers to provide jobs and prosperity. American workers simply do not believe that the present policies of big business are going to lead to another crash.

BIG business does see the possibility of another crash. But the only thing it fears more than a crash would be a policy of full employment and social responsibility which would serve to strengthen democratic forces in the nation: therefore, it pursues policies which cultivate another depression. If, say these men, the only way we can have our policies is to invite a depression, then let it come, but let us keep it under control. For that matter, they see certain gains through a depression. Historically, the key monopoly sections of finance capital have always benefited during a depression when their liquid money assets make them masters of the industrial situation. They think they will ride the storm out, weaken the labor movement, make it subservient to themselves, reduce labor's share of the national income, capture the equities of smaller but powerful and rising competitors and, finally, exact through monopoly prices here at home the guarantee of high profits for themselves and the precondition for their permanent ability to deal with any possible competitor in the world market.

Big business plays with the idea of war against the Soviet Union because it wants to eliminate a key democratic stronghold and destroy any political competition as well as any economic competition. It does not lose an opportunity to slow up the new European democracies. It does everything it can to hem in the struggle of the colonial people for independence. But mostly it fears the Soviet Union because it recognizes that the very existence of the USSR strengthens the democratic forces in every country as well as on a world scale. The fact that the Soviet Union has brought its economic institutions under the control of its people and freed the people from the fear of want and insecurity has an attractive power for the masses which American capital does not underestimate.

For these reasons, therefore, war against the Soviet Union is extremely attractive to big business. War against the Soviet Union would also mean a war economy, high profits for themselves and a means of providing the masses with jobs at the very time when their own policies will be leading to politically dangerous unemployment. The greatest threat to peaceful relations with the Soviet Union will come when the economic policies of American big business begin to result in another depression. What Churchill made very clear is that the foundation of that policy is being laid now. He spilled the beans.

The American labor movement and the American people, however, will penetrate the complicated maneuvers with which finance capital disguises its real policy. The common people, for whom the reactionaries hold so much contempt, will demonstrate again that they too know how to reason and how to draw conclusions. The American people need their own leadership today down in the places where the people are and especially in the labor movement. They need leadership in helping them to recognize and take the measure of their opponents. And that will take place more quickly as the people come to understand that the only prosperity finance capital has in mind is prosperity for itself and itself alone.

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STRIKE SCORECARD

By GEORGE MORRIS

THE CIO's scorecard at this writing shows raises for more than 2,250,000 of its members aggregating some $700,000,000 annually.

This is one way of estimating the result of what appears to be just one round of labor's postwar fight. But this is only the direct and most visible gain. The victory has far greater significance if it is measured against the background of industrialist strategy that had been shaping during the war days.

Traveling through strike areas, especially during the weeks when as many as 1,750,000 were out, I was interested above all in an answer to a number of questions that had been raised during the war. We have heard them frequently from friends and foes of the labor movement.

Would the CIO be able to meet the postwar attack?

Has labor, after five years under the no-strike pledge, forgotten how to struggle?

Are veterans returning as friends or foes of labor?

Will the inciters of race division succeed again as they succeeded after the last war?

Could the employers count on the ability of the top leaders in control of the AFL to keep their members in line for an anti-CIO anti-strike policy?

Will employers succeed in their old game of inciting the general public against labor?

The strategy of big business, as it developed through the war years, was based on the assumption that the war's aftermath will bring an answer favorable to the open-shopper side on every one of those questions. They felt especially reassured by the tax law kick-back —the US Treasury guarantee for two years of at least the 1936-39 average rate of profit—which provides them with a nice anti-labor "strike fund."

The National Association of Manufacturers and other organizations of business have placed much hope on their love-fest with such AFL leaders as William Green, Matthew Woll, John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky. These gentlemen, even as far back as two years ago, were hardly able to disguise their eagerness for a joint postwar drive to "finish off" the CIO.

The mental processes went somewhat like this: when arms output stops and layoffs begin, the CIO will feel the brunt; while reconversion is progressing, an anti-union drive will take shape; returning veterans will arrive full of hatred for the CIO; the CIO will be against the wall, glad to hold its own, not to speak of making gains; the AFL, of course, is ready to play ball with business on the basis of a new labor-management cooperation era, and would quite naturally be on the preferred-treatment list.

Perhaps the crassest example of this mentality was a recent large ad in the *Wall St. Journal* and *Journal of Commerce* by the Minnesota State Federation of Labor—a plea to business to recognize the superiority of a "cooperating" strikeless organization over those bad CIO boys.

DID the CIO stand up? It did, thanks to its strategy, strength in basic industry, industrial form of organization, progressivism, militancy and, above all, initiative. CIO President Philip Murray grabbed the bull by the horns shortly after the V-J Day block parties died down. Leaders of the "Big Three" in CIO—steel, electrical and auto—came together and decided to demand from the corporations a twenty-five-cent an hour or thirty percent raise.

The joint action and strategy of these three unions, representing some 2,500,000 basic industry workers, was to be the hub of the general wage fight. Steel, naturally, was the trunk-line of this movement because of the industry's traditional basic influence upon economy and wages. Steel was to be counted upon to drive up labor's gain to a maximum wage pattern. All CIO strength was to be concentrated upon steel toward that end.

Deckinger

But matters are not quite as simple as that in the CIO. This strategy did not take into account the plans of a group of Social-Democratic labor leaders in the CIO and AFL, headed by David Dubinsky (closely aligned with Lewis) who have a postwar plan of their own. Their plan called for the emergence of Walter Reuther as the hero of the wage fight and, as a consequence, his winning the presidency of the powerful UAW. Hence we saw the quick emergence of a different strategy—one of striking the "divided" employers "one at a time" and "jumping the gun" with the General Motors strike because Reuther heads that division. This was in contrast to Murray's policy of marking time until the high tax year of 1945 passed, meanwhile playing for greater public support, and concentrating all major unions to strike simultaneously and thereby force a quick showdown.

General Motors workers were already on strike nine weeks when steel came out. Fortunately, however, the CIO was able to concentrate its other major strike deadlines for the mid-January period. Until that time GM's maximum offer was ten percent (13½ an hour). Steel forced up the raise to 18½ cents. How much higher the raise might have been if GM had not jumped the gun and divided labor's front, is, of course, an academic question now. But it would have undoubtedly been a peg or two higher. Just the same, the raises won are the highest on record.

As for the CIO's fighting power: never in the history of this or any other country were vast industries so completely shut down by strikes. Those who speculated on the state of the CIO's organization were certainly made ridiculous. Scabbing was practically unknown in the entire strike wave. With few exceptions, the only picket line disputes related to the right of office or maintenance workers to enter plants.

The public support behind this unsurpassed solidarity of workers is also unprecedented. Not very long ago communities around steel, electrical, auto and packing plants were run by corporation tools. The townships had anything but a welcome sign for unions. In fact,

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unions that did exist usually had to meet in some nearby community.

This time, as I went through the main streets of steel towns, signs with big $2 marks were in evidence everywhere. The city councils in most such centers passed resolutions backing the strikers. Strikers did not have to appeal too strongly for donations of food, gasoline or money to keep their strike kitchens and machinery going. Business people were very generous.

How could one ever risk the stigma of scab amidst such an atmosphere? This is a result of a union public relations and political pressure policy that was on a far sounder basis and far more skillfully carried out than in former days. Judging at least by results of the first round, the millions spent for big business propaganda has failed to build up an anti-labor hysteria.

So, it seems, has much of the reactionary effort to win the veterans. Far from being a source of strength for union-busters, returning soldiers appear to have saved their fighting spirit for labor. A strike inevitably opened with a mass picket line headed by uniformed veterans. A veterans' committee is invariably part of the strike machinery everywhere. Veterans are usually the most active people in a strike.

Feelers have been made among the veterans. At Flint, when the GM strike began, a certain "Captain" Packard appeared on the scene with an announcement featured in the press from coast to coast, calling all veterans for a meeting to plan a back-to-work parade. He had a meeting of several hundred veterans—strikers. They told him what they thought of him and left him in the hall—alone.

At Gary, Indiana, a Veterans Industrial Assn. suddenly appeared on the scene with a meeting scheduled in the city's council chamber. Large ads in the local press announced its purpose. Several hundred steel workers, veterans, came; but when they were through giving the sponsors the razzberries and walked out, only a handful—possibly a veteran or two among them—remained.

At Chicago, in the twelfth week of the GM strike, Bertie McCormick's *Tribune* splashed out with an announcement that some veterans were going to lead a back-to-work movement to GM's Electromotive plant. After several days of publicity, the zero hour came. Some 2,000 pickets were on hand, among them several hundred uniformed veterans, and large numbers of uniformed cops to protect the army of scabs.

A car with three scabs is all that turned up. The car didn't get through.

Negro-white solidarity is on a far higher plane than it has ever been. Negro workers now make up a substantial section of the CIO. Moreover, their membership within the CIO is on a far more solid basis. In earlier days Negroes were justifiably skeptical. They well knew of the AFL's exclusion or Jim Crow policy.

The Negro no longer feels skeptical. He is fully at home in the CIO and is throwing all his strength and loyalty into it. Negroes revealed themselves as the best strikers in the packing, steel and other struggles. Many are local and district officials of unions. Race strife was hardly heard of during this greatest of America's labor struggles. This period will be referred to as an historic one marking a new advance for Negroes in the labor movement.

Five years of national unity and labor-management committees have not dulled the spirit of the class struggle. The old-fashioned picket line clashes were comparatively few, because there was no scab-running. But wherever companies made the slightest move that smelled like strikebreaking, the workers responded like lightning with mass picket lines. The Philadelphia, Schenectady and Bloomfield, N. J., injunction battles involving General Electric and Westinghouse Electric strikers, and those of Western Union in New York gave some indication of that.

As for the sentiment in the AFL, there is enough to indicate that essentially AFL members are not much different from CIO workers. Perhaps the greatest crime one can commit in the eyes of the AFL bureaucracy, is, next to being a Communist, favoring a general strike. Ironically, the three general city-wide strikes since V-J Day were called by AFL central labor councils—at Stamford, Lancaster and Houston. Equally symptomatic is the series of strikes of longshoremen along the East Coast that followed the rank-and-file strike of New York. The latter was the first major strike to win a twenty-five cents an hour raise.

The balance sheet of the wage fight so far shows a CIO victory. The CIO gained the largest raises on record for an ever-mounting number of workers. The offensive against labor that was to develop into an open-shop drive was blocked, thanks to CIO initiative, and the AFL top bureaucrats, far from succeeding in their plan to smash the CIO, are now crying for equal treatment for those who "don't want to strike."

The top AFL leaders feel the weakness of their position. This accounts for their hasty arrangement to take in Lewis with his District 50 fully intact, although it conflicts with the jurisdiction of almost every AFL union there is. The desire to see Lewis spearhead a war on the CIO now, apparently, transcends jurisdictional considerations. The AFL has also been doing some press-agent work to build up a claim that its unions are getting raises without striking. First they boast of the success due to AFL strikes that took place in defiance of official policy. Then they conceal the fact that much of the AFL gain is a "free ride" in old buggies that are hitched to the CIO's high-powered engines. This is particularly apparent in the many 18½-cent raises that AFL unions are now receiving, thanks to CIO struggle.

Far from learning the real lessons of this period, the top leaders of the AFL are issuing statements backing the claims of industrialists—that the CIO won raises at the expense of the consuming public. Walter Reuther, incidentally, is making the same kind of an attack upon Murray.

But Murray acts while they talk. Seeing the first phase of the fight coming to a successful conclusion, he has directed all CIO affiliates to get behind a three-way drive to preserve and extend the victories. Those are:

1. A fight to maintain price control. Murray stresses that labor and "millions of other Americans" must work together.

2. A drive to organize the unorganized, principally in the South, main seat of reaction and source of anti-labor congressmen. A million-dollar fund is to be thrown into that drive. The unorganized today are very much impressed with the advantages of unionism.

3. An all-out political campaign of pressure to defeat the pending Case-Ellender (cool-off) and Ball-Burton-Hatch bills. Otherwise, Murray warns, the very existence of labor unions is threatened.

Murray's call is a warning against complacency. The CIO can hardly afford to rest on its laurels. New attacks are coming from several directions. Already price markups are beginning to eat into the newly-won raises. Some people like Reuther scream demagogically that they stand for wage raises without price raises. But they do nothing to fight the price increase policy of the administra-

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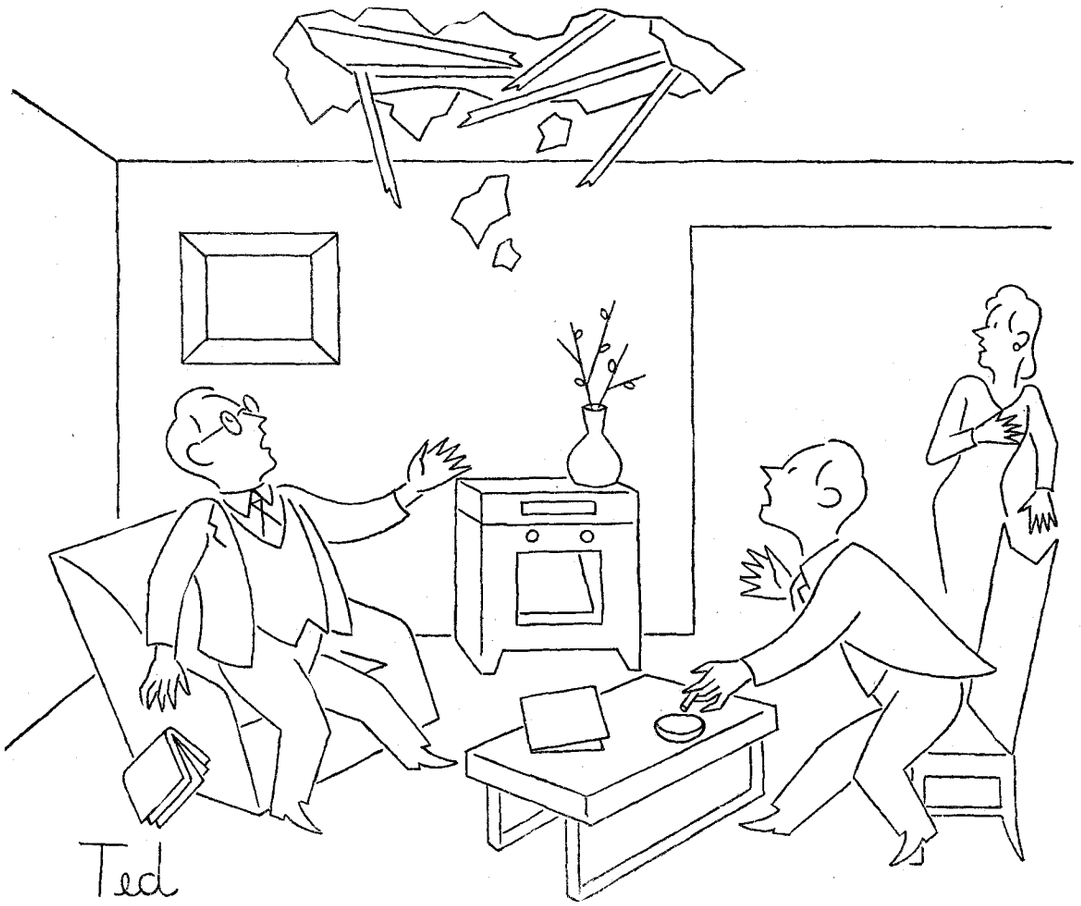

"But Chester Bowles promised it would only be a bulge!"

tion—the only fight that could bring results. Price lines cannot be held through collective bargaining conferences. Even Reuther did not seriously talk of prices when he was in negotiations. What will count now is labor's ability to arouse a mass pressure movement against price increases, working with millions of other Americans.

Nor should the current settlements be taken as a sign that employers gave up their anti-union efforts. All indications point to a showdown at a later stage. Employers would not be straining so much for a "company security" contract clause to cripple union authority if they did not have such plans in view. The extraordinary effort they are making for anti-union legislation is certainly a giveaway of their perspective.

But the greatest threat to labor's CIO wing is the internal conspiracy involving several Social-Democratic leaders of CIO unions and their associates in the AFL headed by David Dubinsky. Reuther's candidacy for the presidency against R. J. Thomas of the UAW (which, incidentally, I predicted last September in *Daily Worker* articles from Detroit explaining the strategy behind the GM fight) is a long shot in this conspiracy. Involved is the seizure, or disruption, of the CIO's largest union with the object of leading it, or pieces of it, into the AFL. Dubinsky and his associates in the AFL hold to the theory that American labor will unite only to the degree that parts of the CIO break away and enter the "house of labor." In line with this strategy, Dubinsky's Social-Democratic forces opened a campaign charging Murray with "stabbing the GM strikers in the back" because he signed for 18½ cents. Similarly, UAW heads of the Ford and Chrysler divisions were charged with "betrayal" for signing at eighteen and 18½ cents. Now that the GM strike is over after nearly four months, it is clear that it was unnecessarily prolonged because the terms of settlement became a hot potato and were turned into a factional football in the UAW pre-convention fight for power.

The very starvation among the thousands of GM families became a field for Social-Democratic exploitation. Dubinsky suddenly developed a warmth for CIO strikers—something he never did before—and his group arranged a meeting for Reuther and himself to orate on the plight of the strikers. Reuther had his photograph taken flanked by Dubinsky and like friends, holding a fan of checks in his hand aggregating $177,000. At Detroit, instead of taking some real measures to bring the strike to a decision, Reuther "militantly" told his GM conference that he knew AFL leaders who would give him $2,000,000 if they decided to continue on strike. In many respects the situation is analogous to the Homer Martin episode when this UAW president, later exposed as a Ford agent, received Dubinsky's financial aid in his fight for control of the UAW in 1939.

Dubinky's people in the CIO are working in several fields: in the United Retail and Wholesale Workers mainly to smash Harry Bridges' union; in the Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, which is bossed by "Socialist" John Green; in the top machinery of the American Newspaper Guild, where they hold several key posts; and they are looking with interest on the possibility of exploiting the internal friction in the National Maritime Union.

If these elements succeed in shifting the CIO's energies to an internal fight, they will succeed where the NAM, John L. Lewis and the big corporations failed. That, apparently, is their object—to the complete disregard of the CIO's key role in the wage fight or of the welfare of their own members.

This threat is a challenge to progressives and all constructive elements in the CIO who follow the policies of Philip Murray. They are forced to wage a two-front battle—against the external foes of labor and against irresponsibles within who are receiving AFL direction. This is becoming most essential if the initiative seized by the CIO is to be kept and if the progress it scored is to be preserved and extended. The key to success is unity of all those who genuinely support CIO policy.

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RANKIN VS. THE PEOPLE

By THE EDITORS

OH, YES, that iron curtain Churchill described so grandiloquently at Fulton. Yes, there is an iron curtain descending, but not where the war-mad Tory says it is. Look elsewhere for it, fellow American. Look about you. Look around America.

There is great disquiet among our people: everything progressive, everything forward-looking, everything genuinely patriotic, is under fire from subversive forces in high places, and from their agents throughout the nation. The war-mongers, those who fear the burgeoning democratic strength of our people, and of their fellow peoples worldwide, clamor in gutturals all too reminiscent of one who, a few headlines ago, sought to transform the globe into the image of the Third Reich. We see on the domestic front what the overweening imperialists plot on the international scene. It is two sides of the same coin.

Spearheading for the trusts ambitious to dominate the world via atom bomb is the Rankin UnAmerican Committee: to initiate the American Century requires the atomization of America's unity. With *Mein Kampf* as his Bible, the loathsome congressman from Mississippi utilizes the Red-scare against every man, every group, every organization, every periodical that strives to help mankind.

Item: the scientists. The iron curtain hangs over the heads of the most advanced scientific workers of the nation. Reps. Rankin and Karl Mundt, a few days ago, impugned the loyalty of certain "scientific societies." This drew fire from Dr. W. A. Higinbotham, spokesman for over 4,000 workers on the bomb project. "Why if our work brought sudden victory to the US are we suspected of being traitors?" No, the "spy scare" wasn't patented by Canada, by any means. The war-mongers utilize it here to terrorize, to intimidate our scientists and all others who, as Higinbotham said, are "encouraging world-wide political cooperation." He declared that the Federation "is cooperating on an international level in exchanging political—not scientific—information." But this, according to the Churchillian mentality of Rankin, is treasonous. Rankin dovetails his work with the Army, which is campaigning to isolate the bomb and virtually imprison the scientists. As Brig. General Herbert C. Holdrige (Ret.) declared recently: "Army officers, on official time, are visiting members of the Senate's Atomic Energy Committee in a Pentagon-planned attack" to foist Army control over the scientists.

The iron curtain? Rankin has moved against such progressive organizations as the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, the National Committee to Combat Anti-Semitism, among others. These groups merit our warmest thanks for their sterling work: and today, under fire, they merit the firmest support against the phony Rankin allegations. But the campaign doesn't halt with these: the termites gnaw at everything progressive in Hollywood; they have made a great to-do about "investigating Communists in the OPA." They carry on in the Army against Communists, whose 15,000 in the services battled in Capt. Bottcher's tradition, whose record we print elsewhere in this issue.

Rankin retains the million names on the Dies blacklist, and in reality is treading the very same path along which his repudiated predecessor, the Texas Congressman, marched.

The iron curtain? Consider the question of freedom of the press, of speech. We know about the radio commentators whose scripts are being scrutinized, on the pretext of seeking the Communist phrase. And woe to that commentator whose ideas do not jibe with those of Rankin, or Vandenberg, or Hoover, or Bilbo. That's what Rankin is attacking.

THE iron curtain? The fascist-minded seek to drop it on NEW MASSES too. The February 23 issue of the Chicago *Tribune* published a report that the supporters of American Action, Inc., of Baltimore, have petitioned the Rankin committee to investigate NEW MASSES along with the Anti-Defamation League of the B'Nai B'rith and the *Jewish Times*, a Baltimore newspaper.

The group complains innocently that it has been "smeared" as anti-Semitic. For details we refer you to Virginia Gardner's story in the January 22 issue. But to summarize: as Miss Gardner pointed out in her article, the Rev. Walter M. Haushalter, the principal individual in question, vice president of American Action, had previously been vice chairman of the Baltimore branch of the America First Committee.

To give you an idea of American Action: Eric Ault, its sparkplug, brought Gerald L. K. Smith to Baltimore two of the three times he addressed Baltimore rallies last year. Not long after the second NM article on American Action, the Detroit feuhrer's sheet, *The Cross and the Flag*, devoted its entire page to an editorial defending AA. And, in passing, we can mention that the organization was listed as opposing the United Nations charter before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Because NM exposed the menace of such a group, and its leading individuals, the Rankin committee is being solicited to investigate our publication.

This effort to intimidate NM will fail; for we shall continue to expose those who want to undermine democracy, who promote race hatred, Jew-baiting, labor-busting. We shall fight with every ounce of our strength when we see the war-mongers seeking to panic our people into World War III. And neither the Baltimore racists nor Rankin will stop us: for our cause is the people's. The rank-and-file of this country have not gone through the searing experience of World War II to accept supinely the plotting of those who foment World War III. No, too many have died in the war against fascism to allow it to sneak into our midst here. For these reasons the fight against the Rankin UnAmerican Committee must be joined by every freedom-loving American, who will welcome, and support, the new committee just formed, the "Citizens United to Abolish the Wood-Rankin Committee," Suite 170, Hotel Astor, Broadway and 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. As the Greater New York Federation of Churches said, our people will not permit the Rankin committee to succeed in its "continuous interference with the freedom of our citizens." They know, as we, that this so-called committee to investigate un-American activities has done nothing about the hundreds of known seditionists walking our streets, nor the fascists who are trying to bring Hitler's way of life to America.

Where did you say that iron curtain was, Mr. Churchill?

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Freeport and Columbia

JUSTICE has not yet come to Freeport, Long Island, or Columbia, Tenn. The brutal atrocities committed in both places against Negroes has brought neither punishment nor redress from the deaf, impervious officialdom of Washington and Albany. Last week a committee of New Yorkers was admitted to the august presence of Governor Dewey's secretary. They demanded an immediate investigation of the murder of the two Ferguson brothers in Freeport, a town in the Republican stronghold of Nassau County. The committee got little satisfaction. The secretary would not commit himself to an investigation. Governor Dewey apparently has no time for such unpleasant affairs as the killing of two Negro veterans and the wounding of a third. We ask you then, particularly those in New York, to pitch into this battle and make Dewey appoint a special prosecutor for the Freeport case, as well as bring it before a new grand jury of Negroes and whites. The Committee for Justice in Freeport (Room 204, 112 E. 19 St., New York City) needs financial help. It also needs assistance in distributing petitions.

The aftermath of the pogrom in Columbia, Tenn., where two Negroes were slaughtered and the Negro community wrecked as though a bomb had hit it, is still what it was when we told the Columbia story last week. What is needed now is united national action to bring Washington into the picture through a federal investigation by the Department of Justice. Several unions and organizations have begun to move. But it will take nationwide clamor to restore civil rights to the Negroes in Columbia. Harry Raymond's first-hand reports in the *Daily Worker*, which have done a splendid job on this issue, make it clear that there is no time to lose if a large group of Negroes, most of them veterans, are not to be railroaded to prison by a lily-white jury.

Wire or write to President Truman, Attorney General Tom Clark in Washington, and Gov. Jim McCord in Nashville. Demand that they act with the same speed they show whenever the warmongers ask them to get moving with protests to Russia. Get your neighbors to act. If terror could come to Columbia and Freeport, it can come to your community unless it is stopped and stopped now.

No House to Live In

The house I live in,
The people that I meet,
The butcher and the baker,
And the people on the street,
The children in the playground,
The people on the street,
All races and religions—
That's America to me.

MILLIONS of Americans have sung this song by Earl Robinson and Lewis Allan, but now they're singing it a little differently. To so many America is now "the house I *don't* live in." About 1,500,000 families are living doubled up and by the end of the year the number is expected to reach 3,000,000, most of them the families of ex-servicemen. What this means in the way of enforced separations, strains on marriage and other personal tragedies is incalculable. For all this let us give thanks to the "free enterprise" system which planned it that way.

Neither the Truman administration nor state and local governments made serious attempts to cope with this situation until it hit them with the force of a Mack truck. Finally Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt's program for building 2,700,000 new homes by the end of 1947 was drawn up and embodied in the Patman bill. But the bill started with two strikes against it by virtue of the fact that big business has been made to feel so much at home in the Truman administration that it believes it can get away with murder. And murder it was when the House coalition of reactionary Republicans and Democrats got through with the Patman bill. By cutting out three provisions: $600,000,000 to subsidize high-cost manufacturers of building materials, ceiling prices on existing homes, and authority for the housing expediter to investigate the building industry, the House reduced the measure to a shell. It was a great day for the National Association of Real Estate Boards, lobby of the real estate profiteers.

All this is so outrageous, yet so typical of a system which places profits above people. By contrast, in socialist Russia, which hasn't our industrial resources and has been ravaged by war as no other country in the world, 1,000,000 destroyed homes had been rebuilt up to last November.

It's still possible to restore the original provisions of the Patman bill in the Senate. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., national housing chairman of the American Veterans Committee, warned the other day that if Congress fails to act on the housing shortage, "there will be a march on Washington and I'll be in it." Let all of us get into this fight for homes to enable Americans to live like human beings, not cattle.

Nazifying Our Schools

NEW YORK CITY is in the midst of an acute battle for democracy in its educational system. Several weeks ago school teacher May Quinn was acquitted by the Board of Education of charges of spreading anti-Semitic and anti-democratic ideas among her pupils. In face of a widespread protest movement against this action Mayor O'Dwyer has now appointed George T. Timone, a known associate of the fascist Christian Front, to fill a vacancy on the Board. Miss Quinn is thus extended the privilege of membership on the Board of Education by proxy. Timone has been a supporter of Franco and his nomination reportedly was made by Cardinal Spellman.

O'Dwyer's inexcusable act has intensified the Quinn protest movement. Scores of neighborhood meetings have already taken place throughout the city. A committee representing various CIO unions, teachers' organizations, veterans' groups, parents' associations, as well as progressive civic and religious figures, have visited City Hall demanding the ousting of Timone and the appeal of the Quinn case to the State Commissioner of Education. The Timone appointment assumes even more serious significance in view of the fact that it was made in disregard of a substantial movement for the appointment of a Negro to the Board of Education in a city with a large Negro population, which has not been represented on the Board since 1922. The appointment of a Negro to the Board of Higher Education, valuable in itself, was really an evasion of this demand.

The Quinn and the Timone issues

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underline the necessity for an elected rather than an appointed Board of Education. A bill to that effect is now pending in the state legislature (the Hulan Jack bill). Democratic organizations and individuals should speak up for it.

Surrender

THIS week Bennett Cerf, of Random House, backtracked on his decision to exclude Ezra Pound from his forthcoming *Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry*, edited by William Rose Benet and Conrad Aiken. Blushing coyly in the *Saturday Review of Literature* that "our omission of the Pound poems from the volume in question was an error in judgment," Cerf announced that the twelve poems to be included would be preceded by a foreword "conceding" that it is wrong to confuse Pound the poet with Pound the man.

Was it only Pound the man and not Pound the poet who fought for the destruction of all culture by the Mussolinis and the Hitlers? Was it only Lorca the man who was struck down by assassins in Granada? Perhaps it is too late to teach Mr. Cerf the facts of life in this world — especially in his world where the Koestlers, the Farrells, the Chamberlains and -lins draw plushy salaries. Perhaps the warm protests of these literary coteries who have a "freedom" of their own to defend have blunted the publisher's memory of recent events. It is to be regretted that on this issue Mr. Cerf has abjectly surrendered to the repressive atmosphere of right-wing literary circles.

READERS' FORUM

Wanted: Art Criticism

TO NEW MASSES: The idea of having artists review the exhibitions of fellow artists does not solve the problem of constructive art reviews, that is, reviews which help the artist and the observer. It begs the question because generally the artists have no more decided what is a correct theoretical basis from which to judge an art work than have the critics. All honest artists try to resolve art and life into some meaningful relationship, as do all people, but the problem is especially pressing for the artist.

A Marxist publication like NM has the obligation and the ability to call on those who can use dialectics and have the background in history and art, and on those artists who have worked out the pattern in practice themselves, to consider what constitutes the power and beauty of works of art of past periods, what in society gave rise to them and how they reacted upon society. We have got to discover whether the standards in general and in particular of past periods are valid in the present and what are the special criteria of art in the present.

I think we should not fear the charge which will inevitably come, that in trying to discover the true relationships of art and society we are trying to override individualism and cast all artists in one mold. To acknowledge and understand the relationship of art and society is to be freed consciously to create works which are a force in society. Freedom of individual expression as we know it today is freedom to strike out blindly with art in all directions, hoping by some happy accident we will with one of them strike on a resounding note. And if by chance we do so, we are not free to learn or grow from this experience since we do not know clearly how it came about and do not recognize any general basis for the significance of this work. In art, as in science and history, freedom is the knowledge of necessity. For us now the question must be "what is the necessity, i.e. the lawful relations, of art and society?"

Actually, individualism cannot be suppressed since all natural laws are expressed concretely and each person comprehends them from the special circumstances of his life history and individually developed mental pattern and therefore must needs express them in a way different from any other individual.

On the specific question raised in this letter an English pamphlet *Marxism and Art* has appeared. This was given a very vague and abstruse review and I think it ought to be more seriously weighed. Also the remarks of Garaudy reprinted in last week's NM have some bearing on it, and imply for instance that Picasso, taking the social responsibility he has lately, should not remain the same artistically. Also the controversy raging around Maltz's version of the question ought to shed some light.

I hope, if the space is available to print this, that the discussion following from it is in language as non-technical as possible so that the ideas are accessible to all people interested in the subject—a wide range.

B. G.

Winston-Salem.

A New South

TO NEW MASSES: The sides are shaping up here in Columbia for the leadership of postwar Dixie. On the credit side there is the Progressive Democratic Party, a new, interracial third party which got under way at the beginning of the year. On the debit side there is the streamlined Youth for Christ movement which is attempting to lay the seeds of fascist bigotry behind a smokescreen of religious revivalism. Now a new sign of the birth of a native, progressive leadership has come in the shape of the Columbia Anti-Jim Crow Committee.

The first move of the Anti-Jim Crow Committee has been to proclaim a national Sunday of protest against Jim Crow discrimination and segregation in transportation. In support of its program it demands that men of good will everywhere stay off the Jim Crow trains, buses and street cars the first Sunday of every month. The first such "Jim Crow Sunday" was March 3. Our slogan is "Use your head and use your *feet!*" Among the lines which practice Jim Crowism and which extend into the North are the following: the Greyhound Bus lines, the Southern Railroad, the Seaboard Airline Railway, the Queen Coach Company, and the Atlantic Coast Line.

We of the Columbia Anti-Jim Crow Committee know that for this movement to succeed it must have outside help. We know too that this is not a struggle of Negro against white (I am one of the white members of the committee). This is a protest directed against those law-makers and their poll-tax electorate who profit by the division and exploitation of the people. It is directed by all those who believe in unity and understand the menace of fascism to our people. It is not an attack upon certain bus lines or railroads, except insofar as these lines are the instruments of the old Bourbon policy of divide and exploit.

This movement is peaceable, brotherly, and non-violent, and yet it is a challenge. It states its purposes in terms of true religion: "A new South is evolving before our eyes. In order for Negroes to help develop this New Era in our Southland and take their rightful position therein, they must evaluate the strength that is in *unity*—unity not among their own ranks alone, but among the ranks of all those, people of every race and creed, who realize and wish to practice the true message of the Nazarene—Human Brotherhood."

PAUL B. NEWMAN.

Columbia, S. C.

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A Force for Whom?

To New Masses: In the January 15 issue Isidor Schneider exhibits his firm alliance to the methods of bourgeois criticism. For instance, what do these terms mean, which are used so purposefully—"cultural heritage," "psychological penetration," "living tissue," "intellectual honesty," "major approach," and "human relations which, in itself, is never a minor theme"?

As a typical example of the kind of bourgeois analysis Schneider resorts to, he declares, "I remember James as always being a force."

This is bourgeois procedure. The correct position is: a force for whom and for what purposes? A Marxist critique of James would have to examine the basis of the intellectual or class content of his writings. Such an analysis would begin with a demonstration of how James reflects the class preoccupations of the most parasitic section of a parasitic class.

Since Schneider has not done this, he is wasting time and energy.

Schneider, however, *does* blame capitalism for the dead level of culture to be found in the *True Story* pulp, the radio blurb, and the labor-baiting press. This is the point he misses: Henry James is only at the opposite pole of the same economic process—namely, the extension of the capitalist system, impoverishment of the masses, creation of an elite, and the wholesale degeneration of bourgeois culture in the imperialist stage of capitalism.

Better stick to the real issues. Analyze the class character, conscious or unconscious, of all literature, and the utter worthlessness for our purposes of bourgeois cultural products produced under imperialism. The class-conscious fight against the dominance of the cultural ideology of the ruling class is useful; anything less is not, and therefore non-Marxist.

A. B.

P.S. Schneider is only one representative of the mode of criticism that has been developed in the past period.

New York.

Basic Study Urged

To New Masses: As in the entire movement, there is beginning to be more *thinking* within the pages of NM than there has been for a long time. That thinking is being done by both writers and readers; and readers are beginning to hold extensive knock-down-and-drag-out debates on the letter page (which I think should be expanded in size, by the way).

This is all excellent. But, as in all disputes, there will quickly come a point where it is clear that in order to achieve the highest quality of useful thinking and debate, the debaters will have to analyze their making of generalities and find out what the process of *thinking* itself is and where it comes from. And they will need to be at home with all the *basic* laws of the universe.

I believe NM could do its readers no greater service to help develop progressive thought than to print a series of articles presenting the subject of dialectical materialism. This subject is still a "holy mystery," an abstraction, to most Communists and other progressives, yet it is bedrock for all our thinking and other activity.

Such a series should be written, I feel, in simple, everyday language, and when a long philosophical word must be used, it should be explained very carefully in everyday words before it is employed further.

I would heartily recommend that Francis Franklin be selected to do such a series, since his presentation of the subject at Jefferson School is a model of clarity, simplicity, and human warmth of style and approach.

In order to make such a presentation clearer, it might be a good idea to precede it with a series of articles on the different natural sciences, so that people who never had even high school science can understand certain references to facts of physics, biology, etc., when they come up in the series on dialectical materialism.

In such a case, I believe it would be good to advertise the physical-sciences series right from the first as a *preparation* leading into the later dialectical materialism articles.

Lawrence Barth.

New York.

More on Psychiatry

To New Masses: From the recent articles by Wortis and Furst in NM (and Bartlett in *Science & Society*) the impression might be gained that the majority of psychiatrists were pro-Horney-ites and anti-Freudians. Actually not even the majority of progressive-minded psychiatrists are such. But only either anti-Freudians or pseudo-Freudians have been invited to present their views (except in letters).

The left-wing supporters of Dr. Horney apparently hope to make a Marxist of her. At present, however, it is she who is getting their services for a theory which is patently anti-Marxist. That is, a theory which denies that there is anything in human nature which can be counted on to tip their scales toward progress any more than toward reaction. A theory, in short, which denies the existence of any "good-tending" instinct, and asserts that instead, *all* is environment.

The statement that Horney is in the line of Ferenczi and Abraham is certainly not agreed with by most qualified readers of those analysts. They were inventive but strictly classical Freudians and never repudiated by Freud himself. Nothing like Jung, Adler, Stekel, Rank, for example. That Horney is in the line of Wilhelm Reich is certainly not agreed to by Reich! It would be more true that Horney is in the line of Adler, but so is autosuggestion. And the processes of the mind are just not that simple.

Nor is it true that Horney supplies a deficiency of Freud in appreciation of the societal determinants of normal or neurotic behavior. It was Freud who showed that neurosis is the product of conflict between instinctual and social forces. Freud, likewise, who showed that normalcy can be achieved by changes in the environment as well as in the individual. What Dr. Horney mainly does is not add anything, but subtract the whole psychical structure of the individual. As if the material relationships of the body which preserve and better it did not give rise to any characteristic mental relationships tending to do the same.

Consider the trends noted by Dr. Horney of "moving toward people" and "moving against people." These are imprints of the environment on the individual, which thereafter, unless superseded, determine the kind of relationships his energies will enter into. But that is Freud's concept of the "ego ideals," in this case ego ideals of cooperativeness or predatoriness, though these very important ones were not described by Freud.

For Dr. Horney, however, the details of formation of such psychical structures are a bother and their existence is ignored or denied. As a result, her observation remains no more than an obvious description, explaining nothing.

The appeal of the writings of Dr. Horney is essentially the appeal of a lazy man's psychoanalysis. To speak of their revealing "gigantic strides" is silly. She no doubt means well, and she may develop, but her theory up till the present has been equivalent to prescribing to a person who has broken his leg on a slum stairway that he must simply try to understand how evil slums are, possibly join in efforts to do away with them, but certainly not concern himself with such "individualistic" intricacies as bones, blood vessels, nerves, fractures, hemorrhage, shock, tissue regeneration, etc. No wonder that to some persons the simplicity of emptiness is welcomed as "fresh air."

W. Roxbury.

Chicago.

Sophisticated Lady

To New Masses: John Bright in his letter to NM of Feb. 19, 1946, concerning Trotskyites in Nazi camps, quotes an "incredibly naive Rebecca West." This lady is far from naive. Louis Adamic, in his excellent periodical *Today and Tomorrow*, of January-February 1945, has published material which shows Miss West and her husband, Henry Andrews, a British financier, active in pro-Mikhailovich intrigues in Yugoslavia. They gambled for high stakes in mining, timber and other profitable concessions. "Tito simply *had* to win in Yugoslavia" was Adamic's conclusion.

Dirk Sruik.

Cambridge, Mass.

★ ★ ★

Correction: Through a typographical error the name of the author of the poem "To a Carolina Cotton Mill" was incorrect as it appeared in last week's issue. It should have been Paul B. Newman.

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REVIEW and COMMENT

I STICK TO PIPER TOMPKINS

By BEN FIELD

I WAS a schoolboy, influenced by my father's circle of friends, when I started writing. The oldest of these friends was an editor of the first Jewish farm magazine in the world, and the author of an excellent autobiography. Our family physician was a contributor of sketches and stories to the Yiddish press. All these men, including my father, at one time or another rode the pen. They read their own work, they read the classics, while on the wall of the room where they gathered there hung a picture of Mendele, the father of Yiddish literature.

No small wonder that at an early age I, too, rode the pen for all it was worth. My stories were about subjects the family circle appreciated and gave its blessing to—the grandeur of Passover, the ghetto Jew, the orthodox mother forsaken by her Americanized children. My work had an old-world flavor; it was sentimental, enveloping the reader like a featherbed, out of focus and blurred by the emotions of an American Jewish boy, the oldest son of a middle-class family, who was kept out of the teeth of the winds of the world.

What could have corrected my vision and given me some understanding of the forces at loose in society was missing. Only one member of our intimate friends was a worker, an operator in an East Side clothing factory, but he had a violent antipathy to most aspects of American life and a contempt for the people. Once I recall seeing in my boyhood a plaster cast of Marx, brought into the house by a poor sculptor who left after a short visit, carrying Marx with him. On a farm in upstate New York I came across a little book by Engels. It was *The Origin of the Family*, but I got only as far as the cover. On my return to the city I became interested in a girl whose father asked me point-blank one evening whether I had ever considered what a helpless grub I was without labor, without the work of the men who made my shoes and clothes and built the roof over my head. He was a photographer and a painter, a Zionist who at this moment may be hiding in the groves and hills of Palestine from British armor. His question startled me more than it made me think. This was the period when the Communists had seized power in Russia, and I remember participating in a school debate in which I favored American intervention in Russia!

Neither my formal education nor the family circle had prepared me to understand American life, to tear down its motors, to get at its main bearings and cylinders. But I was beginning to crack the family circle and venture into America into tough schooling. I got my first job on a farm; the life of labor, the grind in which men and women repeat their steps as in a horse-thresher, was a tremendous revelation to me. I knew what it was to be exploited. I knew what it was to eat bread salted with a man's own sweat.

Young and vigorous, relishing physical labor for its own sake and the fellowship of the men in the field and the barn, I wrote farm stories which pulsed with a robust optimism and were colored by a romantic attitude toward my new life. It was only during the early 1930's when my own livelihood became pinched that, groping around as if in a photographer's changing bag, I finally brought to light a story which showed a different direction in my writing. *Cow* is an account of how the author meets a radical worker who hammers away at him about the obligations of the writer to his society; the Red is hurt while jumping from a hay mow, and his death shakes the author to his depth. The story ends symbolically with the author leaving the farm to board a train, where he sits with the workers on their way to the mills.

The next decade I spent in working out slowly and laboriously the implications of this story. I hired out in various parts of the country as a hand, dipping sheep, picking apples, chopping tobacco. I helped with farm organization and participated in strikes and I wrote reports and sketches of the struggles of the people.

This was a time of battle, of confusion and mistakes, of the substitution of my earlier romanticism for a romanticism and a glorification of the exploited worker; it was also a period of study, of a growing awareness of America, of a deepening understanding of the men and women the drama of whose lives filtered into the blood and marrow of our writing. In spite of the slanderous attacks on the Left writers, during which we were pronounced dead and given a mass burial by Farrell and Kazin, I worked at clearing my lenses and correcting my weaknesses as a craftsman, and at the outbreak of the war set to work on *The Outside Leaf*.

THIS novel gathers the two main threads of my life, drawn from the city and the farm, and ties them into a quick, simple knot. In portraying the amiable and scholarly Israel Miller, I went back to the family circle and my father's house. In portraying his son, Moe, the determined farmer with his Yankee traits and his one-track mind, I revolted against the idealized, half-baked characters which had weakened and made so unreal the bulk of proletarian writing. Moe has stature, however, not merely because he is an instrument of the author's revolt, but because in his own limited way he embodies a movement forward and a revolt against his father's house, which resembled in so many ways the one I was raised in. For Moe, cross-grained master of his machine and crop, has nothing but scorn for the man who is a misfit as a worker, out of touch with the grim realities, dwelling, as did all the members of my father's circle, in a small tight ark in the harsh and troubled seas of American life.

At this point it is worthwhile to review some of the criticisms of this novel because they have a bearing on certain of the questions raised by Albert Maltz and on *Piper Tompkins*. The most hostile critic of *The Outside Leaf* was Diana Trilling in *The Nation*. She wrote that she could recall no novel she had ever read with "so repellent a character"; and she attacked violently the values accepted by the progressive novelists, branding as horrible what writers like myself consider meaningful in

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American life. A friend of Kazin and Farrell, Miss Trilling found her values in De Poncin's novel, *Home is the Hunter*. The chief character in this novel is a servant who has slavishly served his masters, French landed gentry, for a lifetime; having no other interest but service, he forgets his children and scolds his wife because she does not work hard enough for the masters, though she spits blood and withers away before his eyes. Diana Trilling found a religious dignity in this service and a beauty in the life of this faithful servant!

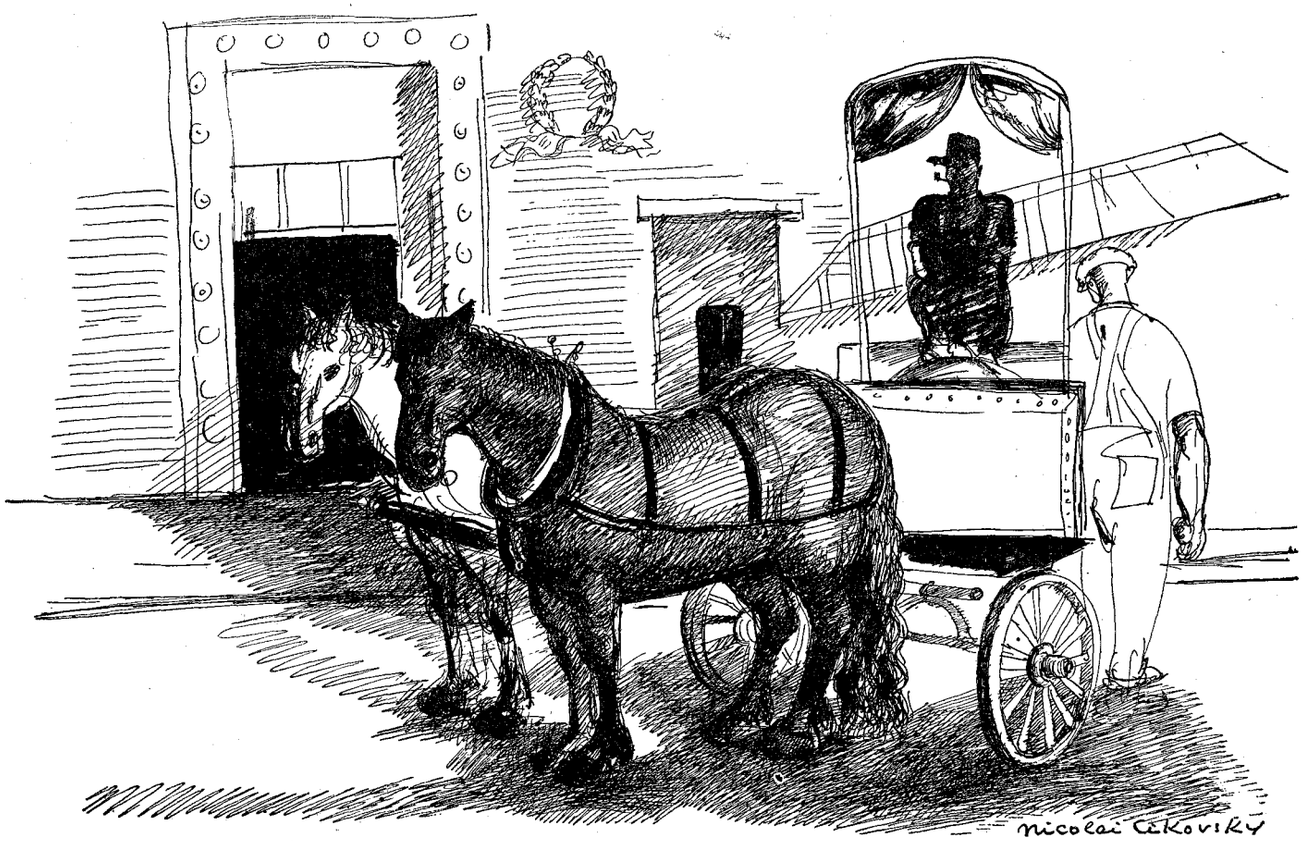
The Outside Leaf was also criticized by some of my friends of the Left. One person connected with a fraternal organization threw the book away, stating that it was anti-Semitic because it deals with a Jewish tobacco buyer who grinds down labor and skins the farmers. Another said that the only positive thing about the novel was its championship of intermarriage: Moe Miller marries an Irish girl, a Catholic. Still others just couldn't make up their minds about Moe because he wasn't class conscious.

The action of the novel covers a few months, the canvas is deliberately small, the story ends abruptly. As a result only toward the end does Moe begin to show glimmerings of an awareness that there are other values in life than those connected with his machines and crop. Much of the weakness of this novel springs from its meager frame. Consequently, I decided that in my next novel I would take a farm boy with the same basic qualities and shortcomings, pull him off the farm, subject him for two years to the grinding influences of a factory and an industrial city and mark the changes. The result was *Piper Tompkins*.

THE story of the farm boy who runs away is one of the great legends of American literature. Piper's experiences in the factory, however, neither make an Horatio Alger hero of him nor do they degrade him. On the contrary, they bring out his good qualities, round him out, quicken the fiery enthusiasm for machinery which is typical of the good workingman. He wakens to his need for women, goes out with the boys for a drink, becomes a member of his union, retaining all the while his affection for his hunting dog and gun. And in the end, when he does return to the farm for a few weeks before entering the Army, he sees his folks and their life with different eyes. Thus we have the integration of farm and factory (the knotting again in a somewhat different and richer form of the two threads) and the growth of a man which I had barely hinted at in the earlier novel.

There has been much talk in the Left deploring the scarcity of credible Communists in our fiction. This has never bothered me much because I have believed that we must first create living average working-class Americans before we can be in a position to portray the advanced, class-conscious worker. But when my novel demanded a picture of a shop steward, who is a Communist with every fibre of his being, I went to my task. In Scotty I have such a man, who is no foreign importation, no creature of my fancy, nothing romanticized or on an icon to be worshipped, but living American flesh and blood. Scotty is hot-tempered and sharp-tongued, harder than carboloy; he drinks too much, but he never takes his eye off the ball. Against great odds, he organizes his shop, and the workers begin to see in him a true builder of the house of labor, a man who courageously, tirelessly and faithfully carries forward with him the spirit level of our times.

In Scotty and the other men and the women whom Piper meets in the shop, in Hankus Heady, the hired man, and in Piper's parents, I have paid my respects to the workers who have taught me more about American life and the



Pen and ink sketch by Nicolai Cikovsky.

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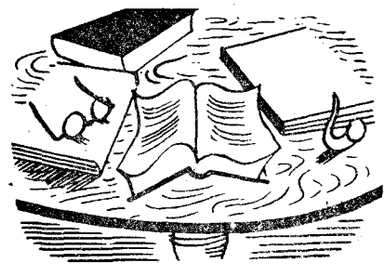

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essential decency, soundness, and sweetness of our people than all the books I have read and the schools I have attended. And though my interest in machinery in this novel, much as farming in the other, gets between my lenses and the story, I believe that in the main I have shot an authentic picture which my friends on the Left can accept with heart's ease.

As for Diana Trilling and her kind, let me repeat what I wrote in answer to her attack, in a letter which *The Nation* refused to print: "I shall continue to seek for my values in the America of today, among the sturdy, democratic, sweaty, machine-loving workers and farmers. I stick to Moe Miller." Yes, and to Piper Tompkins also.

Epitaph

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY IN THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, *by Carl L. Becker. Knopf. $2.50.*

PROFESSOR BECKER was one of the gods of liberalism. Facile, successful, learned, enlightened, well-meaning, he was a leading light of the bright young men who, a generation ago, assailed the Federalist fossils entrenched in the seats of power of the historical fraternity. Elected by them fifteen years ago to lead the American Historical Association, his presidential address exposed the absurdities of antiquarianism which posed as objectivity, and called attention to the fact that historians were human beings with predilections and biases which inevitably appeared in their productions. This was a necessary and great service to the guild and is insisted upon again in this collection of lectures delivered a few months prior to his death in the Spring of 1945.

But, as befitted a light of liberalism, militant struggle for basic change was anathema to him. It is significant that his three most important studies dealt with pre-revolutionary years; but never did he produce an analysis of the culmination of these epochs.

This purblindness is almost incredible in his examination of the Declaration of Independence. Thus, the preamble of that manifesto is quoted, and then analyzed. In the process it is "reduced to four fundamental principles"; the enunciation of natural law and of natural rights, and the assertion that governments exist to secure these rights and that just governments are based on popular consent. Now, that preamble contains 114 words and fifty-eight of those words are used to exstablish the four points enumerated by Becker, and to lead up to the last and basic point, to which are devoted fifty-six words, namely, the defense of the people's "right to alter or abolish" an evil government and to themselves "institute a new" one. But this is omitted!

With this background it is understandable that Becker would idealize conditions prevailing in this country in the past, and that he would ascribe what benefits and advances were achieved to the "casual and lavish gift of nature" rather than to "struggles against the oppressions of men." This certainly leaves Sam Adams, Tom Paine, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Tubman, Douglass, Brown, Sylvis, Debs and the entire honor roll of people's leaders dangling in mid-air like scarecrows.

Also understandable then is Becker's coupling of "Hitler and Stalin," of "Germany and Russia," of "communism and fascism" through most of his work, though at one point he must confess (after all, the Red Army was approaching Berlin) the "theoretical" democracy, internationalism, and rationalism of communism and their absence from fascism. And at another point he must admit that Russians did seem "to feel that they are freer than we are"; but they, of course, were simply an enigma. His Marxist expert is Max Eastman, who is quoted to show what "never occurred to" Karl Marx; and to him Marxism excludes "the wills and aspirations of men" from influence in man's history!

What to do? For Becker admitted the collapse of laissez faire—what to do? We must abate "the traditional enmity between business and government"; we must remember that "the proper function of government in the present situation is not to hamper business but to aid it." Still, Becker favored the full employment bill, and regretted the uncouth Congressional witch-hunting. It is kind to so end his epitaph.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Only Son

MOTHER AND SON, *by Clarkson Crane. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*

SPECIALIZATION has advanced so far these days that even within the field of the novel some works appear that seem better fitted for the attention of a psychiatrist than a literary critic. Such a novel is Clarkson Crane's *Mother and Son.*

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again, and three suitors appear who almost too patly are labelled art, wealth and scholarship. Unable to strike a satisfactory relationship with any of the three, she centers her life on her son, to his complete emotional ruin.

Had the author concentrated his story upon the mother, the novel might have been more effective. Instead psychopathic tendencies are shown in all the chief characters, as if the author's thesis were that the entire world is a madhouse. Furthermore, while the characters are rounded-out acceptably as human beings, the author has failed to capture adequately the social atmosphere and background about them, so that we feel we are reading of people thrown together under the terms of a scientific experiment. Indicative of this lapse is the anachronism of setting the story in the year 1912, and yet describing the artist as following the various styles of Van Gogh, Cezanne, Renoir, Matisse and Picasso, calling himself a "cubist," and being quite placidly, even successfully received in San Francisco art circles. Such weaknesses rob it of valid social or psychological meaning, and undermine any permanent value the book, evidently a very earnest one, might have attained.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Tales of Two Cities

AROUND THE WORLD IN ST. PAUL, *by Alice L. Sickels. University of Minnesota Press. $3.00.*
THE CITY OF FLINT GROWS UP, *by Carl Crow. Harper. $3.00.*

BOTH *Around the World in St. Paul* by Alice L. Sickels and *The City of Flint Grows Up* by Carl Crow, take special points of view and both see only parts of the life of the cities with which they deal. Miss Sickels is concerned with the perpetuation of old-world cultural patterns in a city, which, like most of America, is the creation of a rich variety of peoples. Her material reflects a dual process at work in St. Paul's intergroup and inner-group life: the growth of self-respecting participation of foreign-born Americans in democracy even as the foreign-born consciously nurture the customs they brought from their homelands. The book is crammed with easy, friendly references to people and to their foods, dances, rites and national and religious attitudes. More centrally, it gives a personalized record of St. Paul's Festival of Nations, and for this account, as well as its generous background material, will be valued by all engaged in intercultural education. Like most books in this field, it is characterized by good-

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will but stops short of dealing sharply with the real significance to democratic unity of encouraging cultural diversity.

In stating his special point of view, Carl Crow is disarmingly frank. His foreword begins, "This story of the city of Flint has been written at the suggestion of the Buick Division of General Motors and with its financial support." Few glory stories bear a warning that what follows is advertising copy.

Using data of a guide-book variety, Crow throws journalistic sidelights on the record of technological advance in the automotive industry. In doing so he documents a neat contradiction: Flint developed from a wagon and carriage manufacturing center into a center for the production of vehicles which brought the virtual end of wagons and carriages. As one would expect from the sponsorship of the book, it deals with Flint without real attention to the people who are Flint, and of course General Motors did not put Mr. Crow on its payroll to do an objective history—or even any history—of the growing up of the United Automobile Workers, which has certainly been an important part of any growing up Flint has done.

PHILIP STANDER.

Hunger for Life

ONCE IN EVERY LIFETIME, *by Tom Hamlin. Viking. $2.*

"LOVERS must all embrace a bloody air and strangle men who starve the human heart," wrote Alfred Kreymborg several years ago. This is a fine novel about starved human hearts.

The fortunate person finds someone to love for a lifetime; Frank and Jenny were fortunate. They were meant for one another, but Frank was uneasy. They were not conforming to the rule for marriage which he had observed in the village, a routine of doing things which were expected and inevitable.

They planned for the future when Frank would be a miner and Jenny would have a job. Then they would marry, but "only if it's you." This at fourteen. At sixteen they were both working, Frank in the mines and Jenny away from Beechrigg in service. Walking one evening they watched the village lights and planned a house, a light of their own.

Then came what Tom Hanlin calls "the bad work": mines shutting down, men leaving home, the dole. Frank learned how it was to work hard for the lowest pay, bound to a job because there was nothing else, unable to save enough to escape the degeneration and hopelessness. You lost hope, you worked, ate, slept; there was nothing else and then you didn't care and you forgot. You forgot the girl you loved. "Life shouldn't be like this, not for anybody," Frank cries out. Finally he was out of work, on the dole, tramping, panhandling. The dreams and plans were far behind, life shoved the lovers on, events forced them apart; they drifted into marriage—but not to one another.

But there was one more meeting. Frank could do one last kindness. He could go to tell Jenny that her husband had been killed in the mine; and he could recall their love.

Hanlin, the Scotch miner, writes in the down-to-earth manner of a man who has lived the life he is writing about. He writes with simplicity, and, at times, poetically. He cries that life shouldn't be like this.

But as long as it is, the writer must continue to cry out. He must open eyes to the horror of the poverty, greed and oppression which "starve the human heart."

SLATEN BRAY.

Brief Review

THE ZEBRA DERBY, *by Max Shulman. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.*

MAX SHULMAN'S writing came to me highly recommended but, from this sample, I can't share the enthusiasm. In spots Shulman's humor has a zany touch that brings forth more than a smile. But more often his comedy reduces itself to a string of gags. Even farce must make a point and Max Shulman doesn't seem to have any to stick to. In one chapter he clubs the National Association of Rich Millionaires over the head; in another chapter he needles GI's who don't want to go back to the old job.

Worth Noting

STAGE FOR ACTION presents its first large-scale production, "Theater Parade," on Sunday evening, March 31, at Carnegie Hall. It will be a giant variety show. Among the performers are Martha Scott, Sono Osato, Joan McCracken, Mitzi Green, Imogene Coca, Mildred Bailey, Billie Holliday and Eddie Condon.

HARRY GRANICK'S new play, *Reveille Is Always*, a presentation of the Playhouse Company of the YM and YWHA, will have its premier at the Theresa L. Kaufmann Auditorium on Saturday evening, March 23. Other performances will be given March 24 and 30.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

MUTING THE MUSICIANS

By JAMES COLLIS

On Tuesday, February 21, the House of Representatives went on a rampage. The old combination of bourbon Democrats and tory Republicans, flanked by middle-of-the-roaders, were riding high in a wild charge against that "sinister" figure, James CAESAR Petrillo. The occasion was the passage of the Lea Anti-Petrillo bill. The pattern of behavior reminded one of the depression days when every WPA appropriation bill was a signal for an orgy of cutting to destroy the projects.

Why was the House so hysterical? Why didn't it sober up enough to pay any attention to Marcantonio's warning that it was voting away the right of labor to strike?

The answer is that our legislators have great respect for the power of the radio —reactionary politicians in particular rely heavily upon it. Reaction is building a monopoly in radio as it has in the press, and the two are rapidly being wedded into one giant organ of propaganda in the interests of reaction. One hundred eighty-nine radio stations in this country are owned outright by newspapers and that figure is growing every day, as witness the purchase of two more stations by newspapers in Philadelphia a few days ago.

The person of "Caesar" provides a wonderful opportunity to go to town on the whole of labor. The National Association of Broadcasters has not spent $1,500,000 to popularize Petrillo's middle name without a purpose. Pegler has been building up the "Little Caesar" legend for years—even before the NAB "officially" set aside that million and a half.

Forgetting the figure of James Petrillo for a moment, let's look at the bill itself. Here are some of its provisions: (1) It is a criminal offense to "force an employer to employ more men than he needs." (2) It forbids employment of "stand-by" orchestras for non-profit or foreign broadcasts. (3) It makes it a criminal offense to restrain stations from broadcasting recordings. (4) It legislates against the use of the strike weapon to win demands. (That was clearly indicated when the House refused to listen to Marcantonio.)

How is this as a model bill for employers to drool over? Musicians working to spread employment would be compounding a felony. The fight to gain a royalty right in recordings used commercially would be characterized as being motivated by criminal intent and punished as such. Musicians striking against intolerable conditions would be jailed.

This infamous bill does not go to the Senate for action. At this writing it will go to conference, the Senate having passed a milder version some time ago.

If it is put into effect, it will deal a major blow to the rest of labor as well as to the musicians. Since it was so openly blared forth in press and radio that the bill was aimed at Petrillo, labor had better look a little deeper. This bill is a stepping stone to the whole labor movement. It is obvious that denial of the right to strike cannot be aimed at musicians alone and not the rest of labor. The provision about "forcing" an employer to hire more men than he "needs" can apply to the amount of work an insurance company loads on its adjusters; it can apply to actors, stagehands, teamsters and longshoremen. It legalizes unbridled license in a speed-up.

One of the first carefully planned "incidents" maneuvered by the National Association of Broadcasters in their campaign against the musicians occurred when the Interlochen Camp Orchestra headed by Joseph Maddy was forbidden to broadcast by the Musician's Union. The cry was raised that Petrillo was trying to dictate to our educational institutions, young talent, etc. The average citizen does not know that the Interlochen Camp is a private money-making affair—the education, swimming, boating, etc. is bought and paid for by the students, and there is something left over for "profit" when the season is over.

But that is not the main point. What standards of music would be broadcast if the networks had free and unrestricted access to amateur talent and foreign programs? Every amateur high school, Elk and American Legion band in the country would be used. Every violin and singing student of any ability would be put on the air "for the fun of it, to gain experience, and to get known." And in between every number, of course, would be the spots for Pepsi-Cola, Gruen watches, Fox furs, and Ex-Lax.

The question of finding channels for developing the talented young student is of great importance, but industry's stake in this is to be able to use them as scabs to impose intolerable conditions on the mature artist and professional musician.

Amateur musicians and students need not fear restrictions from the Musicians Union (press distortions to the contrary) when they do not invade the professional field. Any sincere effort to further their development has the sympathy of the professional musician, who was a student and remains one the greater part of his life. If the professional musician did not maintain the economic base upon which his profession depends there would be no goal in sight for the music student.

Let us look at the music in the radio industry a little closer. How many times have you listened to a broadcast of Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun* recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra? Or to Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* by the Boston Symphony? Have you ever stopped to consider that these recordings have been played thousands of times over the air in the past fifteen years? That they have been used to sell everything from ladies' hair nets to automobiles? And that for recording the *Afternoon of a Faun*, William Kincaid, the solo-flutist, may have received as high as ten dollars—if a whole hour was used to record it? That the hundreds of broadcasters who use Kincaid's beautiful playing to sell their goods all these years have never paid him one cent?

That raises the whole question of royalties. No one objects to an author's receiving royalties on the sale of his book. Copyrights exist for that purpose. Is the musician not entitled to royalties on the record he creates? Copyright laws for literature forbid publication of

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a book or any portion of it without the permission of the copyright holder. Yet a musician dare not even suggest that he has a similar right in the record he creates. This in itself is grossly unfair, but consider this additional point. When an author writes a book and it is successful, the writer has created future work for himself. When a musician makes a record he creates the instrument which displaces him in the field in which he must earn his living. Indeed, this writer hears records today—and has been hearing them for the past fourteen years over radio stations—that he made in 1932, during a recording session of three hours for which he was paid $30 and during which he made six or seven records.

The Lea bill would make the Musicians' Union fight to establish a royalty right in recordings a criminal offense. And further, it states that if the officers of the union were to tell Kincaid or any other musician not to make any more records furthering this sort of super-exploitation of music talent, they are guilty of a criminal offense.

There are a few other observations to be made in passing. Most of the big Sunday night hours, that tens of millions of us listen to, provide work for only twenty-five to thirty musicians. In addition, most of the sponsors invite an audience gratis. The General Motors Symphony (with Toscanini) has an audience of about 1,500 people. The union scale for such a symphony concert should be an additional $19.00. It is exactly the same music that people pay a few dollars to hear at Carnegie Hall a few blocks away and a couple of hours earlier. Yet one can predict a very vociferous protest on the part of the National Association of Broadcasters if the Musicians Union were to cease making this regular gift. If the people in New York and Hollywood who attend the free broadcasts got their relaxation and entertainment in the usual ways, other than radio, it would provide many additional jobs for musicians, of whom the unemployed and partially-employed far outnumber the employed.

This is but a small part of the picture of the radio industry as far as the musician is concerned. Yet anyone not knowing these few facts and listening to the radio commentators talking about Petrillo during the past week or two would certainly think that Petrillo was a sinister figure.

Joseph N. Weber was president of the American Federation of Musicians for forty years and was one of the vice-presidents of the AFL. Mr. Weber sat on a swivel chair high up in a Broadway skyscraper. Radio came, and Mr. Weber nodded; talking pictures came and Mr. Weber noted that fact. Tens of thousands of musicians were thrown out of work and Mr. Weber still philosophized. Finally some smart musician thought of pensioning him off and he's still philosophizing out in Southern California.

When Petrillo became president, he had to start where Weber should have begun twenty years earlier. There were no union contracts with the motion picture studios. The AFL negotiated contracts with the studios under Petrillo's leadership. Many independent radio stations have been brought under contract with the union during his administration. During the war the musicians won the struggle with the record companies for a royalty of one-quarter of a cent on each record sold. This is paid into the Federation and the union plans to use the funds for creating work for unemployed musicians through a program to bring music to the people. In relation to accusations of dictatorship against Petrillo, it is interesting to note that he has brought a rank-and-file committee of studio musicians from Local 47 of Los Angeles to discuss the content of new contracts to be negotiated with the film studios.

IN VIEW of all this, it is easy to understand why the film, record and radio moguls loved Weber and have paroxysms of rage when they discuss Petrillo. It is also easy to understand why Petrillo has the support of 130,000 musicians. Twenty-five years ago, musicians went around with their cornets under their arms, hats in hands, bowing in every direction. The strengthening of the Musicians' Union together with the whole labor movement has enabled the musician and his organization to become dignified members of the community and gain its respect.

Through the provisions of the Lea bill the radio industry is planning to outlaw the musicians' justified demand for additional fees for F.M. broadcasts. When they tried to broadcast one orchestra simultaneously on both F.M. and A.M. bands the union stopped them—and they are quite frankly worried about paying for F.M. and television.

To get a graphic picture of the scope and virulence of the campaign against Petrillo one has only to step into the offices of the Federation on Lexington Ave. in New York and view the collection of newspaper cartoons from every part of the country, all unanimously vilifying Petrillo—and all master-minded right here in New York by the National Association of Broadcasters.

It is not James Petrillo, the person, who has been given all this attention by newspapers pressed for space but James Petrillo, the president of the American Federation of Musicians, a labor leader. He was president of the Chicago local and a member of the International Executive Board for many years before his election to the presidency of the Federation five years ago. He first came into national prominence through the attacks of Westbrook Pegler. Some progressives have been infected by the poison of Pegler and the NAB. This is not to say that Petrillo is the perfect labor leader, but it is certain that the tirades against him are motivated by the gains made by musicians under his leadership. Petrillo inherited an undemocratic setup from his predecessor, Joe Weber. This shortcoming still exists within the union.

There is much that Petrillo could do to add strength to the Musicians' Union and increase its prestige in public life. There is a clause in the constitution that gives him dictatorial powers over all the musicians in the US and Canada, and as yet there has been no attempt to eliminate it. There is still a disgraceful anti-Communist clause. Discrimination against Negroes has received no attention whatsoever. Approximately one-third of the membership is in the New York and Los Angeles locals and by far the bulk of the work, yet there is no attempt to give them representation in the National Executive Board at conventions. New York's huge Local 802 has three votes. A small local of fifteen members has one vote and there are over 1,000 small locals in the union. In other words four locals totaling sixty members can outvote the New York local of 26,000 members.

But by far the greatest criticism of the lone-wolf role played by the Musicians: Lewis is admitted to the AFL—no protest from the Musicians; Woll, Hutcheson rave against the Federation of World Trade Unions: nothing from the Musicians; tremendous strikes sweep the country: still silence; the Lea bill is passed in the House and not one word comes from the International Board even to its own locals.

THIS is very serious. With the kicking around Petrillo has taken one would think that he would begin to realize that even though the Musicians' Union is strong, it can't effectively fight the anti-labor and reactionary forces in this country without getting into the fight with other labor and democratic forces. Indeed, this lone-wolf role the union plays under Petrillo's leadership

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isolates the musicians in our national life and makes them particularly vulnerable to attack. Petrillo's policy plays into the hands of the musician's worst enemies. But when they attack him, few will come to his defense—and this will continue so long as Petrillo does not understand that the protection of the musicians means the protection of *all* the labor and democratic forces. But so long as the NAB and the newspaper chains attack Petrillo he is undoubtedly facing in the right direction and should be supported by the labor movement.

The biggest organizers of public opinion, the radio and newspaper owners, have not spent $2,000,000 solely to build up Petrillo as a "bad" man. They are not aiming at the musicians alone, but through the musicians at the whole labor movement. The Lea bill would destroy the musicians' gains and paralyze struggle—and it sets the precedent to be used against other sections of labor.

The Lea bill contains illegalities as passed by the House. The conference may produce a bill which will stand up in court and still be a bludgeon against musicians and the labor movement. Let no one be fooled as to how it will be used. Labor must not be caught unaware, but fight unitedly against this piece of infamy in whatever cloak it may appear after it comes out of conference.

HOLLYWOODEN ACTING

By JOSEPH FOSTER

THAT most publicized body of ruminants, The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, has recently announced its awards for 1945. Since the writing, acting and directing of *Lost Weekend* copped most of the honors, there was little outcry over the selections. The competition was unusually dismal; the film had no serious challengers.

There was, however, considerable surprise over the choice of Joan Crawford as the best actress of the year. Of course, in any positive sense, her Mildred Pierce was hardly a first-rate achievement, but if prizes must be given, whose work was better? The acting in Hollywood films is almost perforce keyed on such a uniformly low level that most designations for honors are only funny. It is unrealistic, indeed, to protest the choice of this or that performance without considering Hollywood as a whole.

I pick at random a few examples of the acting art to prove my point. For instance, the monumental hamming of Charles Laughton as he himself caricatures a ham in *Because of Him*. In the same film Deanna Durbin demonstrates the customary expression for emotional intensity. She is shown in closeup with the male lead in what is supposed to be a passionate embrace. In one corner of the frame, somewhat out of focus, and accidentally included, can be seen her hand resting daintily on the shoulder of her beloved. Her little pinky curls away in proper disdain from its more plebeian fellows. What fervor! Anyone who has been trapped into seeing *Leave Her to Heaven* will agree instantly that the acting in it is wooden to an unbelievable degree. Murders are committed with metronomic regularity, but no principal is ever caught with a facial muscle out of place. The faults are not so much those of the cast but spring from the incredible nonsense they are given to recite, and the fantastic situations they are charged with making credible. Incidentally, the machinations of cinema villains are so transparent that anybody with a minimum amount of brains could catch onto them. However, since the evildoers must not be exposed before the end of the film, the other protagonists must behave as though they lack enough acumen to outwit even a cockroach. Thus in any contest between good and evil, the villains are childishly malevolent, the heroes, zombies.

In the current *Sailor Takes a Wife* (Capitol), the major objective of the two newlyweds is to stay out of each other's arms. They are presumably very much in love, yet they avoid "living as husband and wife" until the required ninety minutes are nearly consumed. Naturally, the two young principals are embarrassed as hell. How can any actor apply esthetic conviction to such forced, distorted situations? The performers go through with the job under the convincing pressure of the "contract obligation," nothing more.

It is a truism, of course, that the better the material, the more persuasive the acting tends to become. Shirley Temple will never get your eyelids up more than half-way, but compare her work in *Kiss and Tell*, where the lines

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made sense for her, with her preposterous work in *I'll Be Seeing You*, or that of Claire Trevor in *Stagecoach* with her recent roadwork in *Johnny Angel*, or that of Victor McLaglen in the *Informer* with his performance in all his other pictures together. Ditto for Ray Milland as the drunk in the *Lost Weekend*. The acting in *Walk in the Sun, Objective Burma, The Southerner, Counter-Attack, Tomorrow the World*, was incomparably superior to the histrionics in *Together Again, Spanish Main, Too Young To Know, Sentimental Journey, Tomorrow Is Forever, Adventure*, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

There is little profit in laboring the point further. As I said earlier, you cannot separate the bad acting from the whole complex of Hollywood film values. The glamor surface, the cheesecake accent, the technique of prurience, the coy physical temptations, are the staples of the acting art. Faced with these requirements, the genuine actor rarely gets into the movies on the basis of ability. But for the accident of a *Lost Weekend*, the prizes might have been awarded to *Bells of St. Mary* for reasons obvious to all, and to Ingrid Bergman for bringing glamor into the parochial school system. If you object that routine performance is unduly honored by the Academy, then your quarrel is with the whole Hollywood system as it functions today; for it makes such choices inevitable.

On Broadway

"THE LITTLE BROWN JUG" (Martin Beck Theater) is offered as a psychiatric thriller. It is weak in both psychiatry and thrills. The author, Mary Baumer, didn't seem able to make up her mind between portraying her chief character as a wily simpleton or as an actual lunatic. This damages the thrills as well, which have their climax at a point where you are not quite sure whether it is a case of low cunning losing out to high cunning, or a psychiatrist working remorselessly on a dementia. If the latter, one wonders why the psychiatrist, even if only an amateur, permits his case to go loose on an unsuspecting countryside after so obviously terrorizing two good women to near ruin.

The whole drama is pitched in a social vacuum where people live outside the tiresome operations of economy. There was a curious clash, however—a dichotomy, as cultured critics call it—between what went on on the stage and what went on in the aisles. There the ushers were busy, on the theater owner's instructions, urging the audience to sign postcards demanding a rise in subway fares. The theater owners, looking to unload tax burdens, were far from indifferent to the realities of the economic world around them.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Music

THE American Ballad Singers, directed by Elie Siegmeister, celebrated their sixth anniversary at Town Hall on March 3, and gave us a very pleasant evening indeed. They proved themselves, as in the past, an expert group of singers, capable of varied and interesting performances.

The six singers and their director sit informally at a table, occasionally acting out the folksongs they sing. The versatility of style and content made for an interesting evening, which the large audience appeared to enjoy. The ensemble sang beautifully; the individual voices were very good, and the delivery was as unpretentious and direct as the material itself. Here you had a cross-section of America in song—of early as well as contemporary America, America at work and at play. Mr. Siegmeister directed unobtrusively, and his arrangements of the individual numbers were first-rate. We should like to see the entire program recorded.

THE first concert of contemporary French music sponsored by *France Forever* was marred by the unavoidable absence of Martial Singher, who was to have sung new songs by Francis Poulenc and Andre Jolivet. Mr. George Copeland, pianist, substituted and performed a number of compositions admirably. However, the remaining portions of the program—certainly the first part—exhibited a prevailing monotony of mood which contrasted sharply with the liveliness and timeliness of the first concert some weeks ago. Henri Sauguet's *String Quartet in D Major*, played by the Guilet Quartet, sounded commonplace and tepid—the kind of music that Gabriel Faure might have tossed off in a moment of weariness, and Francis Poulenc's *Salve Regina*, beautifully sung by the Lehman Engel Singers, is altogether too medieval and traditional for my taste, and for the present time.

FREDERIC EWEN.

Records

WITHOUT question, one of the finest orchestral recordings of recent months is Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantas-*

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tique by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra (Victor DM-994, six twelve-inch records). The symphony, embodying the romanticism of the early nineteenth century, is an extraordinary poetical fantasy by one of the greatest masters of orchestral color. The opium-induced dream-life of a young poet brings him from the conventional ballroom and countryside to the gallows and a witches' sabbath. This recording, as masterly in its own way as the composition itself, represents Monteux at his best, and the orchestra reproduces the mood and content of the work with remarkable poetry and understanding.

BEETHOVEN'S *Second Symphony* has been recorded before, but the new version by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Reiner deserves mention here because it is sensitive and delicate and lively (Columbia MM-597, four twelve-inch records). The reproduction is excellent, especially in the more subdued portions of the symphony.

HARL McDONALD'S *My Country at War* owes its inspiration to a great and heroic event—the defense of Bataan. Though its intentions are of the highest, the results are not gratifying. The suite is trite in conception and unoriginal in its statement, and though the performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Mr. Ormandy is good, it is not capable of transforming this into a convincing work of art. (Columbia MM-592, three twelve-inch records.)

MORE noteworthy for interpretation than for the quality of the reproduction is E. Robert Schmitz's performance of Debussy's *Preludes*, Book I. These date from 1910, and include the loveliest among Debussy's piano compositions. Mechanically, the recordings are deficient—the piano tone is all too frequently distorted—but even this is not sufficient to obscure the forthrightness and delicacy of Schmitz's treatment. (Victor DM-1031, seven ten-inch records.) The same composer's *Sacred and Profane Dances*, written expressly for harp, are not works of the first order, though Marcel Grandjany plays them with beauty and expertness. The same holds true of the other composition in this album—Ravel's *Introduction and Allegro*, also written for the harp. Both have accompaniments conducted by Sylvan Levin. (Victor DM-1021, three twelve-inch records.)

F. E.

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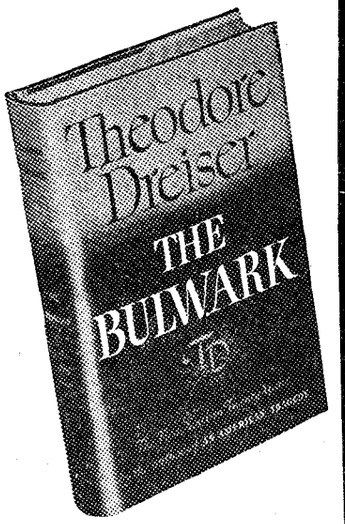

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